

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



# Maclean's

AUGUST 31, 1981

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Not Enough Bangs For Our Bucks





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## EDITORIAL

# We must continue to take up arms against a sea of troubles

By Peter C. Newman

**H**er Majesty's Canadian Ship Skeena, the destroyer-escort pictured on page 25, was launched on March 30, 1963, and she is by no means Canada's oldest warship. Originally designed for a 20-year operational life, the Skeena and her 18 steam-driven sister ships are held together by buckets of grey paint and the dedication of their crews. The computers that guide the electronic equipment that fires their antiquated guns still have glass vacuum tubes no longer manufactured in Canada. They are now being bought from the Soviet Union.

Set against such Nash's Ark's is the Soviet fleet, which, according to *Jew's Fighting Ships* (a publication, incidentally, owned by our own *Thomson's*), is growing at a rate of 20 major new fighting ships a year, including the launching of a nuclear submarine every five weeks. The newest Alpha models have titanium hulls and move underwater at 80 km/h—almost outrunning the United States Navy's fastest Mark 48 torpedoes.

In the space age it may seem irrelevant to worry about our defenses at sea. Yet the U.S.S.R. is flexing its muscles to warn Polish anarchists by showing off its massive sea power in the Baltic, and in the Mediterranean last week it was naval air power that challenged

Libyan pride and sovereignty.

The other branches of Canada's armed forces need more dollars just as badly as our Maritime Command, but it's a good time to be reminded of maritime guru Alfred Thayer Mahan's dictum that any nation that controls the seas can control the world. The boast of the Carthaginians—the ancient nation that was elevated to eminence by successful nautical commerce—was that no Roman could wash his hands in the Mediterranean without their permission. Not until Rome became a sea power, with a fleet originally modelled on a Carthaginian vessel washed up on an Italian shore, was Carthage finally conquered.

That kind of historical perspective is far removed from the concerns of most Canadians. Yet Canada, with a 64,330-km coastline bordering on three great oceans and an economy vitally dependent on trade lanes hang out over every sea, is a maritime nation and deserves to be defended as such.

As the article on page 25 documents, our dismal preparedness at sea is only one aspect of Canada's lag in defense spending. In NATO, we have fallen behind every member of the alliance except Luxembourg, whose entire military force consists of 300 planned soldiers. Canada can ill afford to become a latter-day Carthage, the bleached ribs of its once-great navy buried in the sands of time.

August 31, 1983

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## Happily ever after

Your story on the marriage of Lady Diana Spencer and Prince Charles in *Playboy* (Feb. Wedding Cover, Aug. 18) was most enjoyable. Watching the future King and Queen retrace their wedding vows was a moment that all of England and certainly all the British Commonwealth can be proud of.

—COURT CAMPBELL,  
Sydney, N.S.

## Net as solid as Solidarity

Your article *Poland Chooses Its Path* (World, July 30) is vague and offers no real information about Poland. How were the delegates to the Ninth Congress "truly chosen"? How were delegates chosen previously and by whom? Why is there a food shortage? You mentioned Poland had a "terrible rate in unemployment" and "the suicide rate is down by half." Is what time frame? What is the source for such unlikely statistics? The story had such useless innuendo as, "It leaked out . . . that the party wanted to fire workers in unproductive branches and shift them to jobs in mining and other expanding industries," and, "the leadership let it be known it was thinking of announcing an immediate 50-per-cent rise in consumer prices." —Olive G. Felt

—A. MACLELLAN,  
White Rock, B.C.



The prince and princess: proud

## Who are those guys?

When a gun-toting cowboy with the army as his tag taken over the careers of 12,000 highly qualified and expertly efficient workers, it is called a military take-over (*Crippled Wings, U.S.A.*, Aug. 17). The American military and industrial complex sent its army into the control towers. The controllers who have sacrificed themselves to their profession have been locked away from their bread and butter because they asked for a better deal—40 hours a week is a long time in a pressure cooker. Their requests have been totally and irreversibly dismissed. Now that the gang has

added the nuclear bomb to its arsenal, who is the next group to be eliminated for wanting something better? Are the media looking for soothing synonyms in their attempt to shield us from the unpleasant truth? Let's call it a suicide squad. There has been a military take-over in the U.S.A.

—MICHEL GENDRON  
Burnaby, B.C.

## With a little help from the kids

You might not believe this, but when I looked out my two children's selfish, brutal father many years ago and raised them alone, I faced many of the same problems that Bryan Knight expressed in his article (*Eldest Times for the Gender, Fuchun, Aug. 18*). Single parents have always been looked down on. I believe that the worst of them is that. Not, with my children's co-operation, I was able to keep my teaching job, keep our home and give them a good, full life. It wasn't easy! —SYLVIA E. WEAVER,  
Bridgewater, N.S.

## Dear and glorious scribe

I would like to thank Allan Fuchungham for creating the brightest spot in Maclean's. On the last page we are left with a clean, sweet taste, knowing that the known haven's fooled him at all. And he has the fortitude to say so using his superb ability to put it into the wordiest terms of all the reporting faculty. —PETER HEDMAN,  
Morse, Sask.

## PASSAGES



**MARRIED:** Lyricist Allan Jay Lerner, 62, is actor Lee Remick, 36, in *Hillbilly* (Theatrical, Sunset, England). The flouting and songwriter of *Guy, Camelot* and *My Fair Lady* met his eighth wife while directing her in a recent London revival of *My Fair Lady*. When asked about his former marriage, Lerner replied, "That's a very long story which would spoil this happy occasion."

**BORN:** A 4½-pound boy, Neil George Roy, to Canadian high-jumping champion Debbie Brill, 27, and her live-in companion of eight years, George Roy, in Vancouver. Brill—who is ranked third in the world, and earlier this year that she plans to return to competition.

**DIED:** Jessie Matthews, 74, a veteran British actress and leading star of musical comedies in the 1930s, in a hospital near London, England, where she was

being treated for cancer. *Centage* from 1915. Matthews was rated as the world's sixth-highest box-office draw in 1938, ahead of the likes of Gary Cooper and Shirley Temple. Her career in films continued until 1955.

**MARRIED:** London Times editor Harold Evans, 58, to Tina Brown, 29, editor of the English high-society paper *The Tatler*, in a 10-page ceremony at the Book Garden, 5, 7, home of Washington Post editor Ben Bradlee. "We played music in the garden from a tape deck," commented Bradlee, "and nobody spilled his drink."

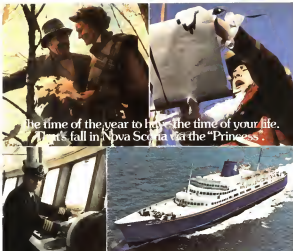


**DIED:** William M. Jennings, 63, president of the New York Rangers hockey team, of cancer, at his home in Bryant, Conn. An original for Madison Square Garden Corp. and one of its directors, Jennings was named president of the Rangers in 1962 and, in 1967, engineered the expansion of the NHL from six to 12 teams.



**DIED:** American humorist, playwright and screenwriter Anita Loos, 93, in New York City. First listed by D.W. Griffith to write captions for the silent screen. Loos later created the Hollywood prototype of the drag-digging vamp in her 1925 short novel, *Scandalous Profits*. *Kismet*, a 1955 Broadway musical called "The best philosophical work by an American." Her screenplays include two starring vehicles for Clark Gable, *San Francisco* and *Saratoga*.

**DIED:** Stanislaw Walasz, 84, stepfather of Polish Solidarity union leader Lech Walesa, after a heart attack at his home in Jersey City, N.J. Stanislaw married his brother's wife, Felicia, who deceased, after the brother died following their Second World War imprisonment in a German concentration camp. Walesa emigrated to the United States eight years ago. His body has been flown back to Poland for burial.



Fall's the time when people have more time to chat and make friends. When inns and restaurants have more room to welcome you. And when all of Nova Scotia seems to be celebrating something. The Fishermen's Reunion in Lunenburg, the Designer Craftsmen Show in Halifax, the Hants County Exhibition, North America's oldest, in Windsor. They're all part of fall in Nova Scotia!

And you can get to it all, in comfort and in style, aboard the Princess of Acadia, CN Marine's auto-kerry sailing from Saint John, New Brunswick to Digby, Nova Scotia. It's a fun and friendly sea-faring trip that can save you miles of driving and gallons of fuel. On board there's a comfortable lounge, bar, sundrick, day cabins, newsstand and cafeteria.

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CN Marine also operates the Bluenose from Bar Harbor, ME to Yarmouth, N.S. in approx. 6 hrs.

## Moslems in the capital

In a fine display of reverence undisturbed by reason, Allan Fotheringham today joined the thousands that many Canadians are disappointed with the federal government and will join him in generalizing that distance is the city where that government is centred (High-muck-o-muck in West, Column, June 28). He does so without questioning that his by tenacious logic. I have lived in four Canadian cities and have visited many others. Ottawa is my home by choice. Fotheringham is becoming a bore in addition to being a bore.

—JUDY DELZENBERG,  
Ottawa

Fotheringham is clearly a skillful divider and rider of words and places. He is generally a good writer and, at times, a perceptive one. I read him regularly and enjoy most of his musings. But like most writers, some days are highly productive while only dried and trivial emerge. I am sure Fotheringham had one of those days when he attempted (again) a comprehensive portrait of Ottawa—a very surrealistic one is my best guess. The use of negative hyperbole can yield some interesting results, but only when it touches on reality.

—GEORGE LAMONT,  
Ottawa

Speaking of "gas and perfillage," Fotheringham's fulsome barrage at the City of Ottawa, my home, is malice and arrogance. Ottawa is not a symbol. It is not the federal government. It is not the denizens of sleazy politicians and

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A very surrealistic portrait of Ottawa

their flocks. If Fotheringham would stick to his nose in the Free Press long enough to see the city, he would learn that it is a community of people like those in other Canadian cities. But I prefer Ottawa. It's small enough to be friendly, large enough to be interesting and a great place for kids to grow up.

—ROBERT J. SMITH,  
Ottawa

Besides "politicians, striver servants and journalists," there are people in Ottawa who live in and love the friendly neighbourhoods. If you feel like Fotheringham does when you're in Ottawa, that says more about you than this city. But Fotheringham was right about one thing—it's not a fit place to live for a person like him. —SUSANNE C. LINDSAY,  
Ottawa

Another boring, humorless, whining column knocking Ottawa from the grab-bag. Allan Fotheringham. Your magazine is the best of its kind in Canada. Why let the poor man's Don DeLillo write such absurd columns? With his attitude, Fotheringham should stay in Canada's past forest. He'd make an outstanding umbrella salesman.

—BOY CANA,  
Toronto, Que.

## Close, but no cigar

With reference to your article *Peering a New World for World And Follow-Up*, June 28, I should point out that (1997's) small contribution to international understanding, development and détente through its Cuba program has not extended to an offer to introduce External Affairs Minister Mark McLaughlin to Fidel Castro. We did, however, take pleasure in introducing McLaughlin to several ministers in the newly formed government of Zimbabwe during independence celebrations last year. To

imply that we're worldwide efforts are characterized by a "standoff" between C190 and the Canadian government perhaps misses the point of the 33 years of work we have done, and only phrases with flimsy denotation. —IAN SMITH,  
Executive Director, C190,  
Ottawa

## Money in the mouth of a lad

Some insights into the American Moral Majority are to be gleaned from Procter & Gamble's demand to stop sponsoring "juggle and juggle" TV programs (*Shop-A-Save and See Don't Mr. World*, June 28). In 1975 a sizable left-wing group was urging sponsors to boycott certain shows because they were showing an apparent adverse effect on children. The sponsors countered that they put their money where it would do the most good, in spite of program content. For this reason I'd be willing to guess that most people don't give as much thought about the Moral Majority, beyond what has always been the American way—they love fads. —JIM LARSON,  
Vancouver

## Smoking and driving don't mix

Propane costs less, your bearings never wear out and exhaust is clean and pollution-free (*Propane Cars Are Hitting the Road*, Energy, June 28). Much as the idea of using propane for engines is appealing, it is more dangerous than gasoline because of its volatility. If you drive a propane vehicle it's safest to park it outside, and to give up smoking. Before you convert, check insurance costs. Most propane engines can be dual-fuel in that they may be started on gasoline, then run on propane. But sometimes a brief fire starting on a cold day on propane can blow off the air cleaner. Someday we may be able to find a mix that will control propane's vapor pressure. Until then, be cautious. —HENRY A. SPENCER,  
Edmonton

## Best politicians money can buy

I would go a step further than Angus Reid and suggest that all MPs as well as the prime minister and his cabinet should have a reduction in their salaries, to the average industrial wage in Canada (*A New Play for the Big Game*, Politics, June 28). In this way those honorable people of the House of Commons might not forget, if indeed they ever knew, what it means to be John Q. Public. —SARAH B. CLOUTIER,  
Ottawa

Letters are edited and may be shortened. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Send correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Madison's magazine, 410 Denison Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5T 1A7

# TIME TO CHANGE?

It's very possible that you're already smoking a milder cigarette.

But perhaps you're not getting all the enjoyment you'd like out of it.

If that's the case it's time to change. Think about the Vantage range of mildness. The new Vantage. Or new Vantage Lights.

Vantage has always been known as the right choice for aware smokers. Now with innovative thinking,

we found an opportunity to make something good...better.

The new Vantage seems to accomplish the impossible. It's now milder than before, with the same great taste.

Or if you're looking for an even milder cigarette, why not think about new Vantage Lights and Menthol Lights.

The new Vantage. The new mildness of Vantage Lights.

Now there's a choice for the smoker who has a taste for today.



## VANTAGE. THE CONTEMPORARY CHOICE.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling. Average per cigarette Vantage "tar" 10 mg., nicotine 0.8 mg. Vantage Lights "tar" 5 mg., nicotine 0.4 mg.

# A dissonant note for pop music

*"Canadian music and music played in Canada are not the same thing"*

By Bob Boskin

I like to say that I moved from Toronto to Vancouver as fast as I could see *The Tea House*. It is a nice neighbor for our national cultural climate—at least with regard to my field, Canadian popular music. There was a time when an aspiring musician had to leave home for Toronto. Now it's Vancouver or Vancouver. But the fact is Toronto is an amazing nuclear engineer, the West is where the action is.

Of course there is still noise in Toronto, drifting out of the Young Street bars, the hotel lounges and the TV and recording studios, but a distinction should be made: Canadian music and music played in Canada are not the same thing. The CBC's Canadian content regulations have had the same sort of results as the Canadian Film Development

Corporation's bootlegging: they have created an apocryphal Canadian production of American culture. Other countries produce distinguished movies, distinctive music and their own cars. We make American cars, American music and even as the *The Encyclopedia of the President*.

However, unlike movies and automobiles, music is cheap to produce and so, though unseen on TV, unheralded by the press and unattended by the CBC—indeed, despite the CBC's Canadian music programming, by Canadian means I mean songs and lyrics with a sense of place, more that, however indirectly, reflects some aspect of life between the U.S. border and the stormy rock and roll. Moving west to east, there are Forster's quirky West Coast ballads and Paul Peck's infectious B.C. dissonances, there is the loon-lens voice of Dawson Creek's Ben, the break, open lyrics of Saskatchewan's Glenn Kallala and Don Peck, then Toronto's and P.E.I.'s Nancy White and Montreal's Kate and Anna McGarrigle, there are Stan Rogers' new country and Jay's Benson's living updates of the old Maritime fiddle tunes. Of course there are also Sylvia Tyson, Gordon Lightfoot, Ian Tyson, Bruce Cockburn and Murray McLaughlin, but it is that first lot—the "unknowns"—that is the exciting one, for it represents a flowering that has grown unattended by our cultural censors.

English Canada's cultural decisions are made in southern Ontario, and in southern Ontario, Canadian culture is out of fashion. The halcyon days of nationalism, of the Waffle and Walter Gordon, are behind us and recording. Ten years ago the CBC introduced Canadian content requirements. Now they are looking at deregulation, or, as it were, in a recent report, inserting "more subjective to the broadcaster by using only broad objectives", in other words, editing the wolves to guard the fold. Meanwhile, radio stations fill their Canadian content quotas with multiple replays of Anne Murray and Paul Anka. New sta-

tions, licensed to provide an alternative, are playing Anne and Paul six months later without a peep from Ottawa. And private TV channels both the spirit and the letter of its Canadian programming commitments with apparent impunity.

CBC's variety fare is hardly better. True, this past season they showcased John Allan Cameron, the good-humored folk-singer and favorite son of Cape Breton, but then they dumped him in a David Bowie hardy, surrounded him with Las Vegas glitter and gave him a guest list of American stars. It is good, then, that Radio, formerly the bastion of Canadian culture, has swung to the south. Gone are such programs as *Touch the Earth*, *Country Road* and *Just Radio-Canada Good*, bad or indifferent or just because of low budgets, such programs would beat the bushes for Canadian talent.

How is it that distinctly Canadian performers, including those with real grassroots success, are passed over? The host of one CBC program explained to me "Someone says 'Let's have the McGarrigles or Paul Peck or whoever, but then someone else says 'No, their songs are too long,' or some such thing. And that's it. They are just not seen as professionals." Performers who are in fact remarkable embodiments of northern originality are passed off as faded versions of American cultural clichés. They are not in style—that is, the all-American style so adored by the eastern media. Producers and programmers, editors and entertainment writers, stare so fixedly at the southern sky that they miss the northern lights altogether.

Westerners don't seem to share this southern Ontario fixation. Perhaps it is because the magnetic pole of New York is weakened by distance. In the West, there is an interest in Canadian heritage and Canadian culture that is unheard of back east. For the past few years, Stringband, my band, has lived in Toronto and worked out west. We may not see Ottawa, Hamilton or Windsor for years at a time yet, meanwhile, we must have played *The Maple Leaf Rag*, *Concussion Concerto* and *Day Wall Be The Chief* again in every other town from Varden, Man., to Port Hardy, B.C. And to good effect, too. Our brand of Canadian music, like that of Paul Peck, Ferris, etc., draws crowds in western cities and, surprisingly, almost equally good crowds in the western towns. We have sold thousands of records from the stage. So have the others. In the West, Canadian music is a big deal.

Sooner or later the mature herons of the East will get wind of what is going on out in the provinces. Eventually, they may program it or start to write about it. Eventually, Ontario may catch up with the rest of the country.

Bob Boskin is founder of the Canadian folk group P.S. on the road.





**"WHEN IT COMES  
TO BOILER AND MACHINERY  
INSURANCE,  
THERE'S NO SUCH THING  
AS A STANDARD PACKAGE."**

*Al Lake, Royal Insurance Branch Manager in Winnipeg, Manitoba, takes a close look at an essential—but often misunderstood—area of business insurance.*

**Q. HOW IT MAKES BOILER AND MACHINERY COVERAGE SO SPECIAL?**

**A:** Every case is so very, very different. The problem is that we have to protect not only the object that's damaged, but what is often more important, the loss that may arise out of it. If you have an explosion, the actual physical damage to the boiler may be quite slight, but that's the least of it. For example, if you have a problem with a steam generating plant in a hospital complex, there could be thousands of dollars in a company's losses. We try to anticipate these areas and provide the proper protection for our policyholders.

**Q. HOW DO YOU ACTUALLY DETERMINE THE PROPER NECESSARY COVERAGE?**

**A** To begin with, it takes a proper analysis of the risk. That's the responsibility of the independent

agent or broker. Many times, he'll do it in conjunction with your boiler and machinery specialists. Together, we'll work out a package that's written to meet the specific needs of each client. Rarely, if it boils down to asking a lot of questions. What kind of business is it? What kind of cycles are involved? Do you need business interruption insurance? Profit insurance? Extra expense coverage? How long will it take to replace your loss? If it's a broken piece of specialized machinery, it could take a long time to replace. It's up to us to see that insureds are offered proper protection against that loss.

**Q. SPECIFICALLY HOW DOES THIS WORK TO THE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR POLAROIDERS?**

**A.** For example, you may need business interruption insurance to protect your gross earnings against disruption. However, Gross Earnings Insurance ceases the day you are back in business. And if you're in a business where you lose contracts or customers as a result of your loss, you may never get those customers back. In that case, you'd be well advised to consider Profits Insurance, which normally continues to pay you until your business gets back to where it was before the loss.

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**A.** Even though the Royal Insurance is a home, cars and businesses than anyone else in Canada, we don't have any self-interest in such a market our insurance is broken. This market allows us to service areas of the market that we could never cover otherwise. Agents and brokers provide on-the-spot, professional, personal service that can't be matched by a centralized system. The broker or agent is an independent businessperson. He is not a captive agent to one insurance company, which means he can use his experience and knowledge of the market to match up his client's needs with the appropriate insurance company.

**Q. WHAT IS THERE TO KEEP THE COMPETITION FROM PROVIDING THE SAME COVERAGE AS THE R2011?**

**A.** Anyone can duplicate the words of our policies, but they can't duplicate the service. In fact, when the Royal brought out the first boiler

and machinery policies written in plain language anyone can understand, we intentionally avoided copywriting the policy so that others can follow if they want to. The Royal has a system of branches all across Canada, staffed with qualified inspectors and underwriters. They're specialized, highly-trained individuals. So even if you duplicate our policies, it's difficult to duplicate our experience and expertise.

**Q. HOW CAN YOU PROVIDE GOOD CLAIMS SERVICE AND STILL STAY COMPETITIVE ON RATE?**

**A.** We charge a fair, reasonable rate, and I guess if we had to market everything at the cheapest rate, we couldn't do it and still provide the kind of product we want to have. You have to remember that there's not a thing made that somebody can't market more cheaply. Our number one concern is to endeavor to see that the policyholders are properly protected according to their business needs. In terms of

holder and machinery insurance, this demands very exacting inspection and loss prevention programs, and as far as I know, there's no one who can do more thorough, professional job of it than we can.

**Q. IF YOU HAD IT ALL TO DO OVER AGAIN, WHAT WOULD YOU CHANGE?**

**A.** Not a darn thing. I still believe that the Royal has the best business philosophy toward doing things, because it gives an individual a chance to improve his knowledge and also really be himself. I know that's not the way some people might think of the insurance business, but that's the way the Royal is. I love the business.

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# Bare encounters with the sun-worshipping set

Vancouver's Wreck Beach is the preserve of nude sunbathers

By John Masters

On the breakwater, swimmers are playing the fute. The sweet, haunting sound, as if great Pan were here, drifts inland, over the beach, and is lost in the wooded glade beyond. Two people play Frisbee at water's edge. At mid-beach a man with a white and orange cooler swims between bronzed couples, pale tourists, moms and dads and their frisky kids. It is a family beach, with people of all ages, shades and sizes stretching as far as the eye can see in the blazing sun. Nearly everyone is nude.

Hidden by cliffs at the foot of the Point Grey headland, Vancouver's Wreck Beach was once the preserve of the dingy and eccentric few, but no more. Today doctors and lawyers, as well as university students, airline attendants and Monocou-dare backpackers from Quebec, clamber down its 60-metre bluffs, all eager to indulge in a little as nature's sunbathing on the country's most famous nude beach. Although people have been coming to it since at least the 1930s to doff their swimwear, it is only in the past few years, as a higher morality makes public nudity a mainstream mellow activity in Let's Land, that Wreck Beach has exploded. From its tucked-away origins

by the base of Port Point Grey's abandoned Second World War searchlight tower, Wreck Beach has now come to designate a "clothes optional" 300-metre strip of sand that extends from the Musqueam Indian reserve near the mouth of the north arm of the Fraser River to West Spanish Banks. Just five minutes from the city's busy west side, the beach would have crept even closer if the protective cliff that shields it from prying eyes (and nosedives' outrage) hadn't crumbled into rockmounds. But the beachgoers were not threatened by the increased exposure: the number of birthday-named sun worshippers continues to rise, more than 4,000 grace Wreck's curving shores on a good weekend.

Officially, Wreck Beach does not exist. For years its existence and the relatively small crowds using it kept the "problem" in the closet. In the late '80s, as the beach became increasingly popular, city officials were presented with something of a fait accompli. "The understanding is that if nobody's creating problems and if there aren't any public complaints, we don't want anybody down there for public nudity," says Sgt. Fred Hardy, commander of the RCMP detachment that patrols the

Sunbathing together near during it



Bronzing in the buff at Wreck

beach. Vancouver parks and recreation superintendent Victor Kondrinsky agrees: "I guess you could describe my policy as looking in the other direction."

Since any support for the beach would be interpreted as acknowledging the nudists, and any move to east them would be met with a huge outcry from supporters, the parks board's involvement is limited to supplying garbage bins at the top of the trails. "There are no bathrooms, change houses or lifeguards at Wreck, and this suits the beach's regulars just fine. "This is not a groomed, sterile beach like Kitsilano or Spanish Banks," says sun worshipper Judy Williams. "Here the logs aren't laid out neatly, they're the way nature's brought them up on the beach. When you come down here you don't have the feeling of being in the middle of a city." Indeed, until a few years ago there were still deer in the woods behind the beach. Even now the shores are still frequented by ants, bees and langhousers.

For regular users like the 38-year-old Williams, the beach is of more than casual importance. Preserving its sands in their present undeveloped state has led to the creation of the Wreck Beach Committee, an ad hoc group of about 40, of which Williams, a special-education teacher, is chairman. Beach users have dealt with threats to the beach, ranging from a proposal that a four-lane highway be built along it, to the smouldering logs and broken beer bottles night parties have in their wake.

The committee's biggest victory came this past year when they convinced the University of British Columbia, whose

campus is at the top of the cliffs, not to proceed with a \$12-million erosion control scheme which would have meant the end of nude bathing at Wreck. In place of the destruction of the steep cliffs and their replacement with a series of man-made, grassed hills, the committee won support for an expensive series of berms to control erosion at the foot of the bluffs, and the planting of shrubs on the exposed slopes to halt water sapping the cliff's face. So far it seems to be working, says Williams, and it has certainly preserved the character of the beach.

This year the popularity of Wreck Beach is such that Gastown tourist shops are offering white and blue sunsuits sporting the legend: WRECK BEACH—GAY AND NAU. And more and more bathing suits mark on nude bathers are in evidence now, indicating they have defected from more-conservative sands. Admittedly, some have come just to spite, but there is more to the resurgence of Wreck Beach than its of-



Kiss the sandwich vendor au naturel

fer of nudity for the masses. "I have never been to a beach anywhere in the world that has this kind of atmosphere," says Klean, 42, a Wreck Beach regular since 1967, who is known only by his first name. "Look around you," he invites, swinging his hand over his packed white sands. "Do you hear any loud music, do you see any wild parties? It's just people sitting in the sand, having a good time, playing, talking." There is a sense of belonging to something on Wreck Beach, a sense of community that other beaches lack.

The beach's popularity stems, in part, from the nudist, in part from the people sitting and in part from the people who come to the beach. Where else would one find, at different times, jugglers, bongo drums and xylophones

players, monks, gasts and even a seahorse? Amid all of this, Klean sells sandwiches and a strawberry content and crème de menthe dessert. Others provide cold beer and even mood drinks. Last summer two enterprising fellows offered golf, cologne is over-the-hill bedouin. This year someone is selling vodka-based ch-ch-ch. At the other end of Wreck's closed ecology system, bare-bottomed grungies atop a beer engine, nursing themselves winter trips to warmer climes and keeping the beach clean at the same time. Any leftover debris is gathered up

by the ever-vigilant Wreck Beach Committee.

For Williams, who credits the beach with steadying her through the break-up of her marriage, Wreck is "a healing beach. You can be yourself here, it's a beach where people are accepted for themselves and nobody is pretentious." More and more people, she says, are turning to Wreck for the relaxation and sense of renewal it provides. She even plans to write a book about it some day. "I'm going to call it Wreck Beach Is a Way of Life," she says, "because it is. It really is." ☐

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# An old-fashioned knight of the Empire

Sir Edwin Leather is one of the distinguished Canadians who made their mark in England

There was a time when certain Canadians, eager to make their mark in the world, gravitated quite naturally to Britain. To such men as Sir Beverley Baxter, Garfield Weston and Lord Beaverbrook and Thomson, Britain represented a civilisation that its colonies merely reflected. More British than the British was the way these Canadian expatriates were often described. Even in the Empire abroad, the Commonwealth engendered and England plundered into its post-war slump, there remained a few sons of the dominion who distinguished between the House of Commons and the one back in Ottawa.

One such survivor is Sir Edwin Leather, KCMG, KCVO, a native of Hamilton, Ont., and a graduate of Trinity College School in Port Hope and Royal Military College of Canada (RMC) in



wealth was the source of considerable local philanthropy. The antique-filled family home, built by Sir Edwin's grandfather in 1880, sits on the site of the Hamilton "mansions," and offers a baronial view of the downtown streets. It was in Hamilton that Leather as a young child saw the tallie version of *Dennis* starring George Arliss, "and that is what really put the bug into me as far as politics went."

When war broke out in 1939, Sir Edwin had already spent two years as a cadet at RMC and when he joined the Royal Canadian Artillery, he was posted to England. After the war ended, Leather stayed in England and, inspired by his lifelong interest in history and politics, gravitated toward the Conservative Party. He ran in Bristol South in 1945, and was soundly defeated. But in 1950, a year



Kington, Sir Edwin served for 15 years as a Conservative member of the British House of Commons, and spent eight years on the party's national executive. He became chairman of the Conservative Party in 1970. In 1973, after the murder of Bermuda's governor, Sir Richard Sharples, Sir Edwin was appointed his successor. He still lives in Bermuda—making frequent visits to his family home in Hamilton—and since his retirement from the governorship has earned a reputation as a writer of murder mysteries. At 66, Sir Edwin looks back on a career considerably more exotic than anything his classmates in Hamilton could ever have dreamed of, but he remains insistent on his nationality. A bit testily, he says: "People who say I'm not Canadian because I've lived away for so long, why, they really get my blood boiling. My ancestors were pioneers. I'm

Leather being sworn in as governor of Bermuda (left) during Buckingham Palace with family after knighthood, rough and ready

fifth-generation Canadian."

Nevertheless, he is, in appearance, about as Canadian as a Cornish puny. On the street he wears a dark overcoat with the kind of velvet collar that demands an umbrella, and his belt—though not a bowtie—is a squat, buttoned fob that hangs on anyone else would look ridiculous, but on Sir Edwin looks somehow distinguished. He can say, "Hello, old boy," without affectation—some suspects he has had years of practice—and even indoors, inserts a leather pipe into the side of his mouth with unerring facility.

Sir Edwin descends from a long-established family whose fortune was made in the carriage business and whose

before Sir Winston Churchill led the Conservatives back to power, Leather became North Somerset's member of Parliament.

One of Sir Edwin's greatest boons was leading Churchill out of the Commons on the day of the great statesman's retirement: "I slipped out of my seat to Churchill's side. He rose, placed his arm on mine, and I led him out of the Commons for the last time." Confidantly, Sir Edwin was honored by Churchill in a more dubious, if no less unique, manner. Once, while standing at a crutch in the Commons warerooms, Sir Edwin was joined on one side by Harry Crompton, leader of the House, and by Churchill on the other. In the course of the ensuing conversation, Churchill leaped toward Crompton, and relieved himself down Sir Edwin's pant leg.

In some ways, Sir Edwin's career in

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Britain was only a stepping stone. The cycle that began in a movie theatre in Hamilton, Ont., was completed with Leather's posting to Hamilton, Bermuda. In 1973, Sir Richard Sharples, the governor of the colony, was shot and killed in his garden. "I suppose I was the beneficiary of poor Dickie Sharples' murder," says Sir Edwin "Teddy" (Prime Minister Edward Heath) thought that a Canadian, and someone with a reputation for rough-and-ready stuff, would be a good choice. "The island's population was very anxious at the time, with Government House an armed camp. The security forces and the police were isolated," he recalls. "One of the first things I did was to put that right, with a community relations program, a safety program in the schools, and so on." He also brought blacks into high positions in the police and the Bermuda Regiment. But that was easier than the decision he faced when the two murderers—both blacks in their 20s—were apprehended, convicted and sentenced to death.

Under Bermuda's constitution, Sir Edwin as governor and commander-in-chief would have stepped in and granted them clemency. However, he reasoned that since native Bermudians had fairly tried, convicted and sentenced the pair, it would be "mass colonization" for a governor to commute their sentences to life imprisonment. The two went to the gallows shortly after Sir Edwin left public life. Happily, he was able to turn his attention to fictional crimes.

"In 1930, my wife, Sheila, and I invented a character named Rupert Conway," he recalls. "For years in such books we've had lawyers and cops appear. But we hit upon the idea of creating an art dealer in Vienna as our hero. He's part Austrian, part British, with a lot of American connections." Conway first appeared in *The Vienna Bloodstain* and subsequently in many other books. *The Murder Show* and *The Dances Later*, each play centring on the disappearance or reappearance of some priceless work of art. Sir Edwin's fourth book, *The Lost God of Hippocrates*, will be published next year in the coming year. Derrick Murdoch, a reviewer for *The Globe and Mail*, has characterized Leather's novels as tales told "in the almost forgotten style in which the good guys are recognizable by their distinguished appearances, dry chumminess and friendly dogs and the bad guys are a wild-blended, swarthy-limbed, anarchy-police crew given to evil plotting." Sir Edwin, who sees himself very much in the tradition of John Buchan, does not disagree with Murdoch's appraisal. His books are peculiarly English and peculiarly old-fashioned, and he sees nothing wrong with that. Sir Edwin's life has been much the same way. ◇



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## A 30-year war doesn't end overnight

The complexities of Vietnamese politics linger in the Canadian refugee community

By Ian Andersen

When Hung Bui was told Laser Express Inc. would no longer ship his parcels of drugs to Vietnam, he went wild. "I do not negotiate with them," he raged, and such small, quick steps marched to the telephone of Bui Pharmacy in the bowels of Montreal's Gay metro station. The Frenchies with the Confucius smile had fled North Vietnam in 1964 and South Vietnam in 1975. And now, he stated, the Communists were trying to steal most of his \$400,000 export business right here in Canada. Behind a plate glass window bedecked with a Better Business Bureau sticker, the clerk at Laser Express had Bui threaten to call the police and expose Laser as a front for the Vietnamese government. There must have been some mistake, he said Bui. Of course Laser would freight his drugs to Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon).

The politics of Canada's 25,000 Vietnamese refugees are as complex now as during the 30 years of war that levelled their motherland. While most would like simply to forget, the war is incessantly forced back on the community that took root in this country with the arrival of 9,000 refugees shortly after the fall of Saigon in 1975, joining the 2,000 who had emigrated earlier. Among the early groups were those Communist students who urged the 1975 refugees to return home. That pressure resulted in an embassy official being expelled from Ottawa. Some community members feel the pressure of helping relatives left behind in Vietnam, pressures enhanced by the post office's refusal to accept any air parcels heavier than 100 grams—a weight limit derided by Moscow, the transshipment point. That left Laser Express as the only guarantor of swift and safe delivery—and Laser, the refugees believe, is a semi-official agent of the Hanoi government. As far as Bui was concerned, the firm was trying to fatten its profits by squeezing him out.

Bui publishes a 48-page catalogue of drugs he sends to families in Vietnam. He lists the retail price of the drugs in Canada and the price they will get on the Saigon black market, roughly three times the Canadian price. For special chemicals, the refugees have little trouble getting nonretroactive prescriptions from the 90 Vietnamese doctors in Montreal. The doctors were among the elite



who fled when the Thieu regime fell in 1975. Still more arrived in 1978 as Boat People, the third and largest wave of Vietnamese immigrants. The first wave hit Canada's shores during the war years. They were students sent abroad by their parents to avoid the draft. Like their North American counterparts, many drifted into antiwar groups. After 1973, the various Vietnamese groups evolved into the pro-Communist group known as Viet-Kiet, the General Union of Vietnamese. From their Denard Street office they in turn ran Laser Express, two doors down.

Binh Klein Dien, leader of Association of Vietnamese (1975) Boat People in Montreal and dishevelled Quang-nam boat people.



Nguyen Van Hang is tall, elegant and secretary-general of Deau-Ket. Like the other four union executives he is a college professor. Laser, he insists, is a private business with no official Hanoi links. He cannot explain why the Laser manager refers any inquiries to Deau-Ket. The aim of Deau-Ket, he says, is to help the Montreal community "contribute to the reconstruction of Vietnam." Hang has been in Canada 15 years, married a Quebecer, and is an activist of the soft Bui clan as an "adviser and malcontent." If they go back they'll be killed. "Hang has heard of Phao and Thuy, of course. Longtime Deau-Ket activists, this married couple

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returned to Vietnam in 1979 but fled back to Canada as *Refugees* a year later and have lived in isolation ever since. Hung terms this case "regrettable" and says they should have known about the hardships they faced. "Why did they leave by boat?" he asks. "It's very dangerous. If they wanted to leave, the government would have made their departure easy."

The leaders of the Association of Vietnamese might agree with that assessment, but would modify it to mean such a departure would be from the world, permanently. Deviously anti-Hu-

ng, they laugh at Hung's insistence the *Refugees* left for economic, not political, reasons and that most "are not hostile to the government of Vietnam." To the association, *Don-Kiet* consists of dangerous dreamers. They ask why *Don-Kiet* supporters will not return to Vietnam. Hung, an engineer, replies that he will, someday.

The association was formed to help refugees integrate, to teach them such Western niceties as not talking loudly and not hanging laundry on front lawns. It is a largely middle-class group whose members tend to drift away as

they move into better jobs and, with affluence, away from the city core. The *Refugees* philosophy is in danger, says Dr. Nguyen Tan-Hung, head of the association of 180 Vietnamese physicians in Canada.

One who cannot is Dang Van Quang, once one of Vietnam's most powerful generals and allegedly the most corrupt. Few Vietnamese doubt he has millions stashed somewhere, but Quang now works under the name John Dang as the night clerk in a run-down motel in Montreal's dusty west end. "He is much bigger and very small," reports the owner of one of the Vietnamese grocery stores that serve as collection points for community gossip. John Dang has good reason to desire anonymity: Still under a 1975 deportation order, Quang was refused entry to the U.S. and France. Vietnam never even bothered to answer Ottawa's inquiry whether it wanted him back. He refuses to be interviewed, claiming fellow workers will start gossiping. There are other reasons. When a newspaper photograph revealed him washing dishes in a downtown restaurant, he was visited by other refugees. They wanted their money back. They claimed they had hired him in 1973 for work papers that did not arrive before the North Vietnamese troops did.

On boulevard Elzouard Massip, the former hub of Vietnamese Montreal, lives Dr. Nguyen. He worked in a plastic cap factory while he studied, at age 33, for his Canadian medical exams. Now his physicians' association helps the latest arrivals get into hospital intern programs, a far tougher job now than during the charitable days of 1975 when Quebec created 60 special internships for Vietnamese doctors. "Sometimes we feel better, but we don't complain," says Nguyen. "Our tradition is that we think of ourselves as guests. But it's wrong sometimes, because if you accept these people it seems you should also give them the opportunity to fulfil themselves."

Within a month of arriving in Montreal, Nguyen's mother died, having never recovered from a sickness that worsened in a refugee camp. He was broke and accepted a "temporary" plot for her, paid for by Ottawa. Last fall he corrected the situation. His brother drove in from Oklahoma with his family, his two sisters flew in from Saskatchewan and France. Ancestral worship is a cornerstone of Vietnamese culture, and such a burial is more important than a birth or marriage. They transferred their mother's remains to a permanent plot, in Canadian soil, paid for by Nguyen in Canadian dollars. The ceremony had a double symbolism for him. Since those first pains of the "temporary" resting place, his family had finally found a permanent home. ☐

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## FOLLOW-UP

### Changing jail and gender



Ball in Kingston prison. 'I'm neither' sex

Shelley Ball's left arm is neatly and cosmetically scarred from her stint in her elbow. It's called slashing, a common way of releasing frustration in the Kingston penitentiary for women. Next month, Ball, 26, will have served one year of her life sentence there. Before that, she served 3½ years in maximum institutions for men. Shelley Ball is the only Canadian to have undergone a sex change while in custody and to have served time in both male and female prisons.

Ball's operation was hailed as an example of the humanity and flexibility of the Canadian penal system. But she says if she had it to do over again, she wouldn't. Postoperative infections have left her disfigured. Her surgically created vagina has almost closed. In much the same way that parolees require earnings to maintain the opening, a created vagina needs regular dilation. But because she was unpredictably transferred to the prison for women following the recovery period, Shelley has been unable to have intercourse. "Unless I have further surgery," she says, "I'll never have sexual intercourse in my life. What they did was take an inmate out of a male penitentiary, mutilate him, and put him in a female penitentiary. I'm physically schizophrenic. I'm neither/nor."

Two years ago transsexual inmates seemed, according to Dr. William Davis, director of the Saskatoon Psychiatric Centre where Ball received postoperative care, to be "in her best interest." In 1971 William Ball was convicted for the stabbing of a man in an Edmonton hotel. At that time, Ball had breasts (de-



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relayed through hormone therapy) and was draining and passing successfully as a woman all prerequisites for surgery. In Alberta, the health insurance plan covers the oncological and plastic surgery necessary for a sex change. On Oct. 6, 1979, after Ball signed a consent form under the alias Jane Hirsche (a name provided to "protect me from the press, great sense of humor," Ball says), the major surgery was done, followed by about 10 minor operations. The complications that ensued are not uncommon in transsexual surgery, and Dixon maintains she received the best possible care.

Dr. Paul Mackenzie, gynecologist for the women's pen, agrees that further surgery is needed, although he is cautious about predicting results. "Once you have your frame, corrective surgery is very difficult." Consultations with a plastic surgeon have been scheduled, and Dr. Daniel Croghan, director general of medical and health care services for the ministry of commercial services, maintains that "having started the process, whatever is necessary will be undertaken."

Switching genders is not easy, and not as straightforward, but in prison it is



Ball before sex change on a pedestal

double difficult. According to Ball, in Edmonton and Saskatoon she was incarcerated unnecessarily for months because prison officials feared for her life. But she preferred doing time in a male environment. "In the male institution I was put on a pedestal, even things were given to me and done for me. I was treated more as a female in the male institution. Here I'm just an equal."

And she is accepted as such. "I've been told I'm a lot more woman than male women in here. I guess because I want to be." Sexual acceptance isn't a standing, her struggle is because a woman is not yet over. "They say I'm not adjusting well, but what the hell do they expect? I'm doing as well as I can under the circumstances."

—CAROLAN MUIRSON

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## COVER

# Not enough bangs for our bucks

*In war, the first casualty would be the reputation of the armed forces*

By Ray MacGregor

A slow day this at the Fredericton Airport flight insurance booth. The passengers are clearly unaware that at this very moment, in the tangled New Brunswick bush, some 30

"You're dead," the soldier says sarcastically. "No way," Perago yells back, graying. "You're dead," the soldier repeats. "No one shot me." "Go to hell. We just came through here."

World War One, early World War Two," he said. "It might be time for a movie set, but let's hope it never comes down to an actual war."

In actual war, the saying goes, the first casualty is truth. For Canada, the first casualty would be the legendary reputation of its armed forces. Consider the following:

• Armed forces manpower, which has fallen from \$15,000 to \$0,000 in the past 15 years, has reached such a critical shortage that a May meeting of the Senate Subcommittee on national defense was forced to go in camera to discuss the details of who is lacking where.

• Maritime Command—the Allies' fourth-largest navy at the end of the Second World War—has fallen into such a shape that 16 of Canada's mighty 10 ships can consume only with themselves, lacking the crucial data link that connects the rest of the Allied navies.

• Operation Sovereign Viking, held on Melville Island this past winter, put Canada's armored personnel carriers to such a test that the 18 machines went through eight engines and a dozen transfer cases, with patrols ranging from less than 25 km a day—about half what a platoon is capable of doing.

In Canada's tactical belting, the Keweenaw class choppers, a purchase worth more by the military. No other NATO nation dares use the light Keweenaw for scouting. Radio stations use them for traffic reports, however.

The hot goes on and on, but fortunately the rebels from other armed nations is not as fierce as it was 10 years ago. It is no longer necessary for an enlisted man to run alongside a truck shooting "Get down! This is a tank!" during war games and exercises. The Canadian Armed Forces may still be a bit weaker than at times but at least



"No one shot me," Perago says and opens a small burst of fire. "But you're dead."

"Screeow!" "Screeow yourself. You're dead."

When Terry Sargent, the SFC defence unit, returned from Gagetown, N.B., and the summer's Henderson VI, the largest land exercise held by the Canadian Armed Forces in 16 years, he could only shake his head at what he had seen. "They were fighting late

But the tension is real, it has been four hours since the stamp attack began, weapons were the ear-banging volume of minute fire signalled the critical final assault. All around, smoke bombs are spreading bloodstains, there are shouts and automatic rifle fire—the enemy. Perago swings his mounted machine-gun around 180 degrees and begins firing wildly into the warbling landscape. For a long minute there is nothing but clanging, tripping, slipping feet, overhead shouts and sudden fire. But the wind shifts suddenly, the smoke fills the air, a carter and a lone soldier cut through a hole of clear air, smiling, his rifle calmly slung by his side. Perago opens fire on him at point-blank range; the soldier shoots back a look of absolute contempt.

Maclean's  
JAN 1982

MACLEAN'S (JANUARY 1982)





today they have brand-new tanks—128 West German Leopard C1s worth more than \$200 million—thanks to a re-equipment program which in the largest 26 years and which will reach \$20 billion before the century turns.

Many of the programs are well-known and well under way. The tanks have arrived, as well as the 441 new main battle tanks (worth \$175 million) and the last of 18 Aurora long-range patrol aircraft (\$1.2 billion). A \$4.1-billion contract exists for the delivery of 123 of the controversial McDonnell Douglas F-16A fighter aircraft. Also on order are 21 small transport aircraft (\$472 million), 1,256 new 25-ton trucks (\$120 million) and six new volunteer-hunting frigates (\$3 billion). The case, if the military continues to get its way,



Gen. Ramsey Wither, chief of defence staff, opines if a post-bellum

those that which fell in Hiroshima—the ability to wipe the world out 20 to 40 times over never seems to be enough.

Defence Minister Gilles Lacourcière likes to say, "Defence is not only defence, it's a great economic asset for Canada." He refers, of course, to the estimated \$3-billion spent-off on the F-16A fighter program. But for the superpower it is as large as possible that gunpowder is an effective economic base (the United States, about to embark on its own F-16A fighter defence rebuilding program, exceeds that while spending \$4 billion on the military contract 55,000 jobs the same amount given over to the auto will produce 76,000 new jobs). Lacourcière also says he agrees with the principle that if you don't want war, get ready for war—and he readily admits that our conserva-

the Americans that means a doubling of the Pentagon budget by 1984, four new army divisions, 350 new ships, three new \$2.4-billion aircraft carriers, hundreds of new jets to form five new air force wings, the replenishment of legendary Second World War battle-ships, more helicopters, bombers, a \$4.1-billion M1 missile system and hundreds of new nuclear warheads—including the nuclear bomb, the people-defending, property-protecting weapon.

The terror of nuclear war has been pointed awake. All over Europe and in Washington, D.C., there are NATO 1980s marches once again. In Canada, requests are up for the 1983 Trudeau government's campaign for a new Strategic Defence Plan and the nuclear clock in the *Bellevue of the Atlantic* Re-

inter, James Richardson, pushed the activist into the first of the new spending programs, including the Leopard tanks and long-range patrol aircraft. Says Richardson, "The numbers weren't big, but the policy was right."

Richardson still believes Canada has a bigger role to play in NATO and would like to see it not only live up to its 1976 NATO promise of moving defence spending to three per cent of the gross national product, but arrive at least to five per cent. Other allies are also having problems meeting this promise (powerful West Germany, for one) but the Americans have been pressing, and they have persuaded Britain, West Germany and Italy to take delivery of the new F-16 fighter and cruise missiles for the defence of Europe. Although, as Lacourcière is adamant, "We don't have to

say anything, then the Canadians are allowed to comfortably forget all about the problems. It's something for the Canadian elite to contend with. Are they comfortable in this posture of being essentially irresponsible children in the alliance? If they want to go in on this lukewarm, comfortable pool, that's fine, but please don't ask people to treat Canada as an equal and as a partner and as an ally, because it is not an equal and a partner and an ally."

"Defence is everybody's business," says Gen. Wither. "We are just the agents Canadians have to ask themselves, is that a reasonable premise to have to pay for defence? It is. It is enough." A government poll taken last year showed that 54 per cent of Canadians consider increased defence spending a top government priority, ap-



Li-Guo, Gerald C. Threlkeld, who chief of defence staff: a reasonable premise

are an artillery computer system, new transport planes, an air surveillance system and a wide range of personal weapons (see box, page 38). "You can't have a first-class carpenter," says Chief of Defence Staff Gen. Ramsey Wither, "unless you give him wood to work with."

Wood, of course, is often considered quaint in the 20th century, visually pleasing but without the strength produced by modern technology. Canada, having sworn off any nuclear involvement, has a purchase program and defence strategy based entirely on conventional weapons. But it may be one thing to buy non-nuclear conventional equipment for morale-building purposes or simply to elevate defence spending to please allies, and an entirely different thing to actually go to war with it.

"The question to ask is, 'Will most arms make as much sense?' says Lt. Col. James Stark. "If we are invaded by Ireland or Latvia, maybe our conventional arms will come into play, but the probability of that is nil. We are in the age of massive nuclear overkill." Stark is national director of the 1,200-member



CP-104 Starfighter in Germany like many since war is big, big business

Operational Directorate, a group seeking a worldwide referendum on nuclear disarmament. Given historical precedence—the Eastern Council of 1130 outlawed the use of the crossbow against Christians, without much effect—the chance of a voluntary peace seems remote. Total peace is a myth anyway since the Second World War, some 150 conventional wars have lasted a total of more than 400 years, leaving 25 million dead. By best reckoning, total world peace since 1945 has run 26 days, give or take a few minutes. So the Canadian argument would be that it is better to have a wooden stick than no weapon at all.

War, the sugar, tobacco and other habitus not good for the health, is big, big business. World military spending amounts to more than \$1 billion daily, probably as high as \$500 billion a year. For every dollar spent on health in the world, \$4.50 goes toward potentially harming people, and though there are now 20,000 nuclear weapons in existence—some 4,000 times more powerful

than nuclear weapons today fall into step with a newly war-conscious world. Even Japan—despite a constitution that renounces war and the right to maintain the military—has a 1983 defence budget of \$12 billion (U.S.), nearly three times the Canadian total.

At the onset of this trend is the American response to Soviet military supremacy (see chart, page 27) and the Leonard Beshenke report that "In 1985 we will be in a position to impose our will whenever necessary." Warmongering, of course, is a world of lies and exaggeration, but it is significant that the Canadian International Institute for Strategic Studies in London concluded in its 1983 report, "The Warsaw Pact has an advantage which will become more pronounced in the next few years, as Soviet programs continue. Not until NATO begins to deploy significant long-range systems in about 1985-86 can any substantial increase in its capability be expected."

"The bottom line," says U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, "is that we are all going to have to do more." For



MIRCS (Shore of sea) aging gracefully, but aging none the less

artists, which has moved 10 times since 1947, now stands at four minutes to midnight—fully eight minutes closer to doomsday than it was a decade ago.

The evaporation of Vietnam-born anti-war sympathies and the recent worsening of the cold war has meant today's hawkishness has considerable art ground to repair. This is one issue most agreed by the Trudeau government, having tended to move with public opinion, pushing NATO at the bottom of the defence priority list at the height of anti-Americanism in the early '70s, and cultivating it now that Andreus Kagan, some welcome again in Canadian shores. But the acts of those years—such as the four-year freeze on the defence budget—have proven extremely costly.

"I'm not sure the country realizes just how desperate the situation gets with equipment," says Allan McKinnon, minister of defence in the short-lived Tory government. McKinnon fought hard for more military money, but the turning point dates back to 1975 when a powerful western Liberal defence man-

oeuvre ourselves for our contribution," the fact is that Canada spends only \$103 per capita on defence. The U.S. spends \$644 per citizen, Britain \$425, Belgium \$378. To find a country ranking with Canada it is necessary to hunt all the way to Yugoslavia, which spends \$164 a head—but then this is also 57 per cent of the Yugoslavian government's spending.

Officially, the Pentagon says, "We are not applying any great pressure" on Canada. But the fact feeling is better expressed by Edward N. Luttwak, of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies and a member of Reagan's defence transition team. "Canada is a country that has decided to take the free ride," Luttwak says. "It has historically got away with it and wants to continue getting away with it. The administration has a real problem here. If we hector and lecture then everybody will say that it's counterproductive. They will say that it merely irritates, stimulates nationalism and backlash and so on. If we don't

13 per cent in only three years. Other polls confirm even more remarkable news: 56 per cent of the population believes there is a 50-50 chance or better of war within this decade and, as a result of sentiments to come, 85 per cent of Canadians aged 15 to 17 are in favor of military conscription in this country.

Optimists, however, are those they're kept in the head, not the pocketbook. The \$42,000 engine that powered a Second World War fighter is now a \$3-million power block, with cut costs for jets rising an unbelievable 30 to 40 per cent each year. Some people, such as Allan McKinnon, shudder when they envisage Canada's cash-flow problems to come. For the coming decade there is already \$9.4 billion committed to purchases and the coming crunches—1982 to 1984, when planes and trucks overlap, 1985 to 1989, when the plans are necessary to first frigates—are obvious. And this is without considering any of the other obvious shortcomings of the worn-out Canadian forces. The infantry, for example, now can be capable of "digging it" two or three times a day, negates the detourable abilities



Vice-Admiral Andrew Fulton, commander, Maritime Command, on point



# A sharp rebuke to the groin

*Liberals are humiliated in Joliette and Spadina*



By Susan Riley

**A**s results poured in and excitement mounted in the packed union hall in Toronto last week, the new MP for Spadina, Dan Hanz, calmly flipped through Stephen Lessner's *Shooting Star* copy of a *Little Town* in search of a story entitled *The Whiskered Campaign*, a satirical tale about an election in fictional Marigou. "I had in mind to read a few paragraphs to the crowd, but then got far too wild and exuberant for that," said Hanz, who contented himself with a few words of amazed appreciation. The cheer was hardly surprising. The quiet-spoken, Anglo-Jewish minister and committed socialist had just handed the powerful Liberal government its sharpest rebuke in a year.

The question now is not so much how Hanz won (he had a strong local NDP organization and a reputation as a hard-working city alderman for the area), but why Jim Coates, the hand-picked candidate of the ruling Liberals, lost. Theories abound, but the most persistent in Ottawa last week seemed to be that the Liberals appeared out of touch with the economic realities of the simultaneous by-election in Joliette, Que. (Where Tony Rock LaSalle not only won back his old seat but did it with a 33,000-plus margin), seem to confirm wide-

spread dissatisfaction with the Liberal policy of economic drift. The Joliette results are particularly sobering in light of the efforts made by Quebec's Liberal machine on behalf of its candidate, Michel Duce, several cabinet ministers and some 30 Ottawa MPs campaigned in the riding. Says Jean Lapierre, an energetic young Liberal back-bencher from Granby, Que., who worked in Joliette: "We've had a terrible image for the last few months. We have the PM going away—if your house is on fire, you don't go away—we have the postal strike, high interest rates."

"Multiculturalism Minister James Flaherty—one of the few ministers in Ottawa last week—said it was a 'ham rap' to blame the election loss on the 1985 movie 'Working Holiday' in Africa. However, another Ottawa Liberal back-bencher, who asked not to be named, noted 'The PM's in Africa, [Postmaster-General André] Guellet is in Europe during the postal strike and Finance Minister Allan Rock is in Japan'."

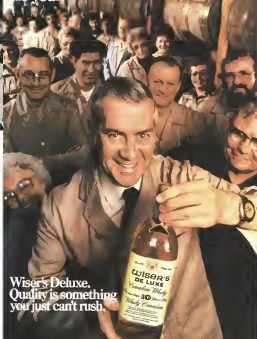
But some of the blame for the Spadina loss must also rest on Jim Coates's small shoulders. Apart from marmalade public concern about the economy—he insisted throughout the campaign that jobs and family reunitations were the issues in Spadina, not inflation and interest rates—his organization made



spread dissatisfaction with the Liberal policy of economic drift. The Joliette results are particularly sobering in light of the efforts made by Quebec's Liberal machine on behalf of its candidate, Michel Duce, several cabinet ministers and some 30 Ottawa MPs campaigned in the riding. Says Jean Lapierre, an energetic young Liberal back-bencher from Granby, Que., who worked in Joliette: "We've had a terrible image for the last few months. We have the PM going away—if your house is on fire, you don't go away—we have the postal strike, high interest rates."

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prepare your whisky.*

some basic errors on the ground. While Courtis had an impressive array of shay lawyers, businessmen with a lot of inside and outside connections young and old in his team, his organization failed to get Liberal votes in the polls on election day—an apparent case of too many chiefs and not enough Indians. Party pollster Allan Gregg says that as the day the election was called, some members of the Liberal staff so far ahead that "Courtis couldn't lose." But on voting day, Gregg estimated 2,700 Liberals stayed home—and 17,000 Liberals voted. Many others, particularly in the trendy downtown parts of the riding and in the Italian community, voted for Hesp. Some strategists say they might so easily have voted for Tony Lastra-Bisio, who made a respectable third-plus showing, but for her amateurish organization and the fact that the Tories do not have a well-defined position on the economy.

As for Courtis himself, he has always been characterized as a manipulator, a user of people—a characterization that was strengthened by the manner in which he secured Liberal candidates in Spadina. (Pierre Trudeau elevated the sitting MP, Peter Stoffer, to the Senate to clear the supposedly safe seat for his legal principal secretary, giving Courtis a considerable jump in competitiveness—and drawing "Senator Resp" outside on election night.) But while Courtis worked hard, he didn't appear to learn much from the voters, or even be interested in learning much. Preferring quick handshakes to policy statements, he courted the leaders of Spadina's ethnic communities—leaders who apparently did not vote, or could not, deliver the votes—and opened his campaign with an cautious speech praising Pierre Trudeau as a leader and a father. As a measure of how out of touch the Courtis team was with ordinary concerns, one of his chief aides told reporters during the campaign that the economy wasn't an issue because people don't think in abstract terms.

There is nothing abstract about mortgage rates, however, nor about a finance minister who does little but hand out economic problems on the American. "Voters don't rely on Ronald Reagan to solve our problems," says a frustrated Jean Lagimodier. "They rely on us." This week Courtis was to return to Ottawa, along with several nation-wide cabinet ministers, to announce the results of the Aug. 12 by-elections. Courtis would be well-versed to prepare for a sudden outpouring of concern from Ottawa—but not necessarily far action. As far as many Liberal schemes on Parliament Hill are concerned, there is nothing the Liberal team can do about the economic situation—except, perhaps, seem interested. □

## Ottawa

### The pressure and the press

**I**t ended, well, meagrely. With a small session and more, editorial writers across the land set their electronic word-processors at 0 for Ottawa and let fly a noisy fusillade of epistles. The target was the report of the Royal Commission on Newspapers which, variously, was derided as a monster, blatantly biased, creditless and unworkable. Richard Doyle, editor-in-chief of The Globe and Mail, even broke off his vacation for a rare trip to Ottawa, where the report was released.



Royal commissioners Peter, Kent and Speers: 'A visible minority's delight'

and orchestrated an editorial campaign: its findings as "a veritable shot's delight of interference in the ownership and operation of the nation's press." At work's end, in the Globe's very own news pages, commission Chairman Tom Kent allowed that the nature of the editorial attacks "bely confirm the analysis of the state of the problems of the newspaper industry."

The central conclusion of the year-long study by Kent's staff that growing concentration of chain ownership—77 per cent of daily circulation vs. 56 per cent a dozen years ago—is a "monstrous" and "morally unacceptable for a democratic society." The commission found that the breathtaking series of takeovers and deals by Thomson Newspapers Ltd. and Starline Inc. last summer—which led to the Kent inquiry and subsequent charges of conspiracy to reduce competition (Maclean's, May 13)—had left practitioners of the trade dis-

*"A former editor and Liberal spokesman came under Lester Pearson. His fellow commissioners were Gordon Speers, a former editor of the Toronto Star, and ex-GEO president Laurent Poirer.*

maused and demoralized. The report willingly embraced the view of industry critics that the lack of diversity in ownership has lowered corporate greed at the expense of editorial quality. The commission proposed that Pierre Trudeau's government, already beset by political fire, court outrage from the Fourth Estate by imposing dramatic changes on the way newspapers are owned and run, among them:

- A Canada Newspaper Act that would ban newspaper acquisitions by companies with five or more papers, Southern and Thomson included, by a company like the independent Toronto Star whose ownership already is more than 250,000, or by firms like Blackline (Huron), whose non-newspaper assets would be larger than the value of the paper they proposed to buy.



The directorate by Thomson of other 28 regional dailies is the national Globe and Mail.

• A ban on cross-ownership of newspapers and broadcasting outlets in the same city. Media families such as the Livingstons of New Brunswick, the Blackbourns of London, Ont., and the Bithams of Saskatchewan (based in Markham, Ont.) thus would have to unload either their papers or their broadcasting stations. The report also calls on Southern to sell off its 30 per cent stake in Selkirk Communications Ltd., with heavy broadcasting interests in BC and Alberta.

• A Press Rights Panel which, in addition to monitoring and interpreting the new press law, would receive reports from advisory committees established at papers owned by chains and conglomerates to assess editorial performance, as set out in a formal contract between the owner and an editor.

• Capital cost allowances, up to five per cent of newspaper shares, to encourage individual investors to buy up papers put out for sale by chains.

The critics for dailies that spend 100 or more in daily newspaper but receive nothing to subsidize the weekly Financial Post.



more than the national average on editorial content, worries for dailies that do not and special grants for news agencies like The Canadian Press to match increased expenditures on news coverage.

Predictably, the printers raged about a government take-over. Kenneth Thomson vowed to fight the proposed directorate in the courts as "unwarranted and unconstructive interference with legitimate property rights." Globe Publisher Roy McManis found it "grossly unfair and illegitimate" that Thomson could be forced to unload the paper, while the report loaded the launch of a satellite system that allows same-day delivery of the

Globe across the country. "I don't see anyone else rushing in to launch a national edition," McManis declared.

For Southern's part, President Gordon Fisher demanded the findings as "more dramatic than necessary." He conceded, "I can't argue against the constraints on Southern's size," but added that the recommendations, if adopted, would be "a positive encouragement" to move into the United States. "We either go into another industry," he asserted, "or we stay in the industry in another country beyond their control." Walter Blackburn, whose grandfather bought The London Free Press in 1863, rejected both the recommendations that he himself sell either the paper or its broadcasting station and the idea of formal contacts with editors. "I wouldn't for a minute,"



Thomson, McManis (with satellite) and Fisher (below) pinning government plans to the newspapers?

said Blackburn, "with to have a government spy in the form of an editor in my newspaper."

Not all of the reaction was negative. Keith Davy, who chaired a Senate media committee a decade ago, hoped that this time the Trudeau government would head the call for curbs, because "the situation has gotten so bad it's worse."

There was praise, too, from labor organizations, certain politicians, such as Saskatchewan NDP Premier Allan Blakeney, and the Consumers' Association of Canada, which lauded the plan for wider ownership in Quebec where was general content in the headquarters of French-language dailies, mainly because the commission did not wag a critical finger—although concentration among the three chains is more pervasive than in English Canada (90 per cent compared to 34 per cent).

Specious, as the government's Jean Falaris, minister of multiculturalism and a former broadcaster, termed the report "censoring," but he declined to pressence on the substance. Instead,

Falaris announced the formation of two government committees to study the report. Whether the government, in addition to coping with the emerging economic crisis and the fight with big oil over a new energy policy, now has the will to face the powerful Fourth Estate is moot.

For all its sound analysis of the problems, the Kent commission was at times surprisingly inconsistent in proposing solutions. It would, for example, provide a daily paper from acquiring weakness in the same area, but would not bring itself to insist on reversing the Toronto Star's acquisition of 15th-century Toronto weeklies—a deal that was basically carried out at the height of the commission hearings. The report also stressed the desirability of local ownership and control, yet in London



and New Brunswick it opens the door to potential acquisition by firms from outside. By holding out the vision of groups of individual investors pooling their resources, the report also begs the question: how much more numerous would the Globe be, say, if it were owned by 20 dentists or postal clerks instead of the Thomson family? "An owner is an owner," notes Robert Korman, University of Waterloo economist and spokesman for the Consumers' Association of Canada. "What is important is the diversity of ownership, not the size."

In effect, the Kent commission is calling for a leap of faith that individuals and smaller interests will march out of the woodwork into newspaper boardrooms over the next five years, under the approving eye of bureaucrats. "If you could see the balance sheets of some of these companies," insists commission counsel Donald Affleck, who has seen them, "you'd very quickly march off to a bank with three friends and you wouldn't have any trouble getting a loan." As for the government's will to bite the bullet, Affleck adds, "If you don't do it now, there may not be a bullet to bite."

—ROBERT LEWIS

## An island not entire of itself

When Prince Edward Island's premier, Angus MacLean, announced his resignation last week it was his hearing a comfortable old slipper family left the floor. For months there had been speculation in Charlottetown that 65-year-old MacLean was planning to leave office, but the popular veteran had his own timetable and stuck to it. According to MacLean, the date was actually fixed five years ago when he decided to leave fed-

erry Clark and Health Minister Jim Lee.

Angus MacLean was elected on a promise to reduce the role of the provincial government in the lives of Islanders and, ironically, that looks certain to happen, though not through any policy made in Charlottetown. MacLean inherited the 12-year development plan negotiated with Ottawa in 1962 by then Liberal premier Alex Campbell. With 90 per cent federal financing, the plan was designed to make P.E.I. self-sufficient, but despite huge expenditures (\$650 million by last March) on roads, schools, agriculture, tourism, fisheries, industrial parks and community improvements, the island remains more dependent on transfer payments than any other province in Canada. It has



Angus MacLean, and possible successor or career back to the blueshirts.

almost been as if the whole province were on the dole.

The final phase of the plan was scheduled to begin in April, 1980, but the MacLean government had asked for a year's extension to rethink priorities. The postponement proved to be crucial, for after the Liberals returned to power in Ottawa they began their own re-assessment of cost-shared programs which they felt saddled them with 90 per cent of the financing but gained them only 10 per cent of the political credit. Those cost-shared programs that are continued will be divided 60-20 rather than 90-10, and annual federal contributions will be about half the \$30 million they previously were for P.E.I.

Most of the other half will be made up by direct federal spending, but that will be administered from Ottawa—with a participation by Charlottetown and no political credit either.

Meanwhile, the uncertainty over fed-

eral funding has sent tremors through the provincial economy. At an end of the scale individual farmers have been told they must wait for grants already awarded them. At the other, a multimillion-dollar downtown redevelopment plan for Summerside, P.E.I.'s second-largest municipality, has been placed on hold, much to the embarrassment of local m.c. George Henderson, a Liberal. Those affected by the terms of the new agreement will be provincial civil servants, some 550 of whom see their jobs in cost-shared programs. Ottawa's refusal to renew a cost-shared energy program has already almost wiped out that provincial department, and the departments of industry, tourism and fisheries will be similarly affected. Only agriculture and forestry seem likely to escape the federal axe. The role of the provincial government will indeed be reduced—but in ways that Angus MacLean could hardly have foreseen.

—KIMBERLY WELLS

## Halifax

### That extra connection

When Toronto businessman Joe Barnett was approached in 1978 by Halifax CBC TV reporter Linden MacIntyre he would have nothing to do with him. But not long after that, Barnett was eager to discover that he had been painted as the villain in *The MacIntyre File* report on shopping-mall financing and the abuse of receivership. His displeasure rapidly transformed itself into a determination to fight against both MacIntyre and the CBC. Last week, although the Nova Scotia Supreme Court ruled against the corporation, both sides claimed a victory.

Barnett's suit cost more than 100 references he found defamatory in the half-hour show *A Case of the Jungs*. He objected to that title, to the "winners and losers" atmosphere created by the music, to accusations that he was a loan shark, and he accused the CBC of implying a link between himself and the underworld. Although Jennifer Wilkins Grant indicated every word of MacIntyre's script, he found the show defamatory because of 10 seconds of film footage that showed Barnett—putting a cigar in his Robin-Royce—while MacIntyre's voice-over spoke about "the manipulations and dirty tricks that make big business a predatory, outward gaze for some people." Any man so thinking, indeed, the judge defended, would draw a defamatory inference.



MacIntyre, Joe Barnett's offshoot goes



But the direct references that had so upset shopping-mall developer Barnett—to "phony bagmen and clever tricks," to investigations and files on Barnett by Canadian and American law enforcement agencies and to Barnett's "legal form of loansharking"—were jangled further comment. Robert Morrison, MacIntyre's lawyer, calls the decision a "technical loss but a moral victory." And MacIntyre says, "I don't agree we entirely lost the case. [The judge's] decision is the only thing the judge found wrong with 27½ minutes of film in seven weeks of trial."

The use of the damaging film—taken from the CBC's 1978 *Consumers* series on unpaid crime—had been a last resort for MacIntyre and producers Paul Kelly and Terry Finken. "We tried to get an interview and film of Barnett, but he wouldn't talk to us," says Finken. So the producers sent off to the film library at CBC headquarters in Toronto. A hearing scheduled for later this fall will decide on Barnett's award.

—GAIL DEXTER

## British Columbia

### A rhythm of accusations

In typically cautious and thoroughgoing RCMP fashion, pausing off one careful legal step after another, police investigating the disappearance of seven B.C. youths and the killing of three more brought their prime suspect out from under wraps last week and charged him with the murder of 14-year-old Judy Korman. He is Clifford Robert Olson, a 41-year-old Coquitlam construction worker, married and the father of an infant child. He is the same man who was first arrested Aug. 12 on Vancouver Island after offering a lift to two hitch-hikers, the man still not named but charged with two counts of breaking and entering on Aug. 14 when police also announced they had a suspect in custody in the Korman case, and the man charged four days later with rape, buggery and gross indecency in connection with an 18-year-old Surrey woman picked up at a bus stop—and not one of the young people on the missing list. But eight days passed before Olson was married, handcuffed, onto a court in Chilliwack to be charged with first-degree murder—80 km. up the Fraser Valley and not far from the spot where the naked and mutilated stabbed body of Judy Korman had been found July 25.

Although anxious parents were desperate to know if "the" killer had been caught, police carefully avoided saying anything that might prejudice Olson's case or link him with any of the other murders. His description—five feet, seven inches tall and stocky with dark curly hair—is quite unlike that of the well-groomed, fair-haired man reported seen with nine-year-old Sherry Paragon, youngest of the missing children. Although lawyer Robert Akutsu, acting for Olson, said police had seized "writings" from three residences occupied by his client, police denied that they had recovered the diary Judy Korman had with her when she disappeared, and which it is feared may have investigated threatening phone calls subsequently received by some of her friends.

While police pressed down their daily press briefings in an apparent effort to ease some of the tension built up by the case now that an arrest has been made, lawyer Inspector Larry Pender made it clear that the search for other missing youngsters was continuing on the same scale as before. An important lead may have come from a Coquitlam woman who contacted police after she said a

man had offered children \$100 a hour to wash windows, tried to get one child drunk and then forced his attentions upon her. But as Olson was re-arrested in custody in Sept. 18 for psychiatric examination, Pender's search crews found their task only growing larger. The name of 13-year-old Colleen Dagnish of Surrey, previously considered a runaway, was added to the missing list.

—ANDREA MATLAND



Judy Korman, and alleged killer Olson: stolen diary may have prompted threatening phone calls to some of her friends



# Exercise in provocation

U.S. naval jets down two Soviet-built Libyan fighters



Reagan (right) aboard the *Constitution* with Jim Goodrich, navy undersecretary

By David North

At "Tomcat Alley," the Genoa, Va., home base of the United States Navy's "Black Aces" squadron, pilots and their families were once-a-week. "They shouldn't be tangled with the Tomcats," said one officer. "The two that went out were our best pilots." His euphoria was understandable. The shooting down of two Soviet-built Sukhoi-22 jets of the Libyan air force by two naval F-14 Tomcats fighters taking part in a naval exercise close to the Libyan coast last week marked the squadron's first "kill" in aerial combat, despite scores of Vietnam, and the first downing of Arab aircraft by U.S. forces.

Knownhere, the reaction was similar. The manner, the words, of administration officials indicated that they were not at all unhappy about the successful shot of their determination to stand tough against Moscow and its allies—a determination also evident earlier in the week in well-publicized U.S. marine exercises at Guantanamo, the U.S. base in Cuba. Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger, claiming that one of the Libyan SU-22s had fired first, and the U.S. pilots had carried out their instructions "to respond if shot at," "intentionally" said. Later, President Ronald Reagan told cheering sailors aboard the carrier *Constitution* off California



that what had been most important was "impressing the enemies of freedom in the world."

That, however, was where the animosity ended. There were conflicting official versions from the U.S. and Libya about the incident, while a startling TV broadcast from Jerusalem spoke of a U.S. "ambush." There was also a lengthy request into whether the U.S. exercise—involving two carriers, including the nuclear-powered *Nimitz*, from which the Tomcats flew—had been deliberately designed to provoke a Libyan reaction.

The official U.S. version, given at a press conference by Weinberger and the Joint Chiefs of Staff's director of operations, Lt.-Gen. Philip P. Gask, was that one of the two Libyan SU-22s fired an

Atlatl rocket at the Tomcat, whereupon the two U.S. aircraft engaged them, firing their superior Sidewinder missiles and downing both. One of the Libyan pilots was seen to escape by parachute. The Libyans said that eight F-14s had attacked their aircraft, both of which had been shot down. Both pilots were safe and an F-14 had also been downed in a claim vigorously denied by the U.S. Both sides said they had tape recordings corroborating their versions, but clearly these were mutually exclusive. And on the evening of the incident, an Israeli TV broadcast in Hebrew claimed that other F-14s were circling in the area and that the Americans "let the Libyans get near their tails in such a position as to induce one of the Libyan pilots to fire."

The question of U.S. provocation was first raised in a *Newweek* report before the exercise started. This described it as the Reagan administration's first direct challenge to Libyan leader Col. Muammar Khadafi. Asked at his press conference whether a challenge had

been issued, Weinberger declined to be asked. "I wouldn't describe it that way," he said. "These are international waters. We're not naval exercises there before." Leaving aside the disputed question whether the waters were international—Libya claims a 12 nautical mile limit and jurisdiction over the Gulf of Sidra as "internal waters"—a zero that under discussion at the current Law of the Sea conference in Geneva—Weinberger's answer skirted an awkward fact: William Gaud, Middle East specialist on the National Security Council during the Carter administration, confirmed last week that a tacit understanding had existed with Kha-



The *Nimitz* (above), and a Soviet SU-22 fighter impressing freedom's enemies

had existed, Weinberger declined to be asked. "I wouldn't describe it that way," he said. "These are international waters. We're not naval exercises there before." Leaving aside the disputed question whether the waters were international—Libya claims a 12 nautical mile limit and jurisdiction over the Gulf of Sidra as "internal waters"—a zero that under discussion at the current Law of the Sea conference in Geneva—Weinberger's answer skirted an awkward fact: William Gaud, Middle East specialist on the National Security Council during the Carter administration, confirmed last week that a tacit understanding had existed with Kha-



Khadafi (center) with Leonid Brezhnev (left) in Moscow, a Kremlin meeting

dafi that U.S. exercises would not be held south of latitude 32°30'N, and that all six sea maneuvers held during the Carter presidency had conformed to this agreement.

The Reagan administration's notice to carriers revealed that the area of last week's exercise extended up to 32 miles to the south of the Carter line (see map), and Reagan himself issued a change in policy when he told the *Cum gratia* crew. "For the last couple of years, for whatever reason, our navy has been ordered to hold its maneuvers, but to stay on the other side of that line and not challenge that." He had approved that the line should be

crossed. Reagan also said that at the briefing before the exercise the question had been raised about the response if "they actually fired on our forces." There was, he said, only one reply to this question. As the *New York Times* had editorialized earlier: to order the Sixth Fleet maneuvers was not an "idle decision. The aim, clearly deliberate, was to test Col. Khadafi." Indeed, relations between the U.S. and Libya had deteriorated ever since Khadafi, backed by the U.S. and others as a founder of terrorism in the West and a dangerous Soviet ally, closed the U.S. airbase at Wheelus after deposing King Idris in 1969. In 1979, the U.S. Embassy in Tripoli was sacked and American diplomats were seized. In May this year, Libyan diplomats were expelled from the U.S. in reply to an alleged campaign of assassination of opponents of Khadafi in the U.S. and abroad. Ironically, the hit men are said to have been trained by two former CIA operatives, Edwin Wilson and Francis Terpil, who have been hotly pursued by their former employers for several years.

In this climate it would not be surprising if the U.S. took every opportunity to make life difficult for Khadafi, and the exercise certainly fit a pattern. Earlier this month there were reports, the substance of which was not denied in late White House clarification, that CIA Director William Casey and his far-

mer deputy for clandestine operations, Max Tetro, had briefed Congress earlier this year on plans to topple the Libyan leader. After a coup attempt last May they were attempting to do this throughout the Arab world, that the United States was involved. As an aside by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat on his recent visit to the U.S. renewed speculation as the point. During an interview in Washington he let fall the fact, later confirmed by the State Department, that the U.S. had lent him at least one of its highly sophisticated AWACS monitoring aircraft to "let me see what is happening around me." Sadat implied that there had been suggestions that the Libyans might try to shoot down the plane in which he flew to meet Sudanese President Gaafar Numeiri on May 26. But Sadat's recent was at least 1,000 km from the nearest Libyan airbase, and an alternative use for the AWACS could have been to monitor developments in the Libyan camp, two days earlier, so that Sadat's forces could intervene to support it or to provide advance warning of Libyan, or Soviet, moves to counter it. Last week, as the Libyan jets scrambled to their ill-fated rendezvous with the Black Aces' Tomcats, the Egyptians were active again, holding their own maneuvers on Libya's eastern border.

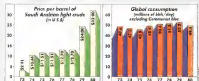
With *Newsweek* from Claudia Wright.

## A reckoning postponed

Serious neighbors of Saudi Arabia. On Minister Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani were equal last week. The huge marble office in his Geneva apartment had craved critics to appear in their walls. But their anger was mild in comparison to that of Yamani's OPEC colleagues Friday, after emergency attempts to plaster over fissures in the oil cartel's unity by creating a uniform price structure had been stymied by Saudi abstention.

After confident talk of a compromise, the Saudis refused to meet requests from revisionist fellow members to raise their price from \$12 to \$15 a barrel. And to twist the knife further, Yamani later announced a 16-month freeze at \$12 that pre-empted the scheduled December price-fixing meeting in Abu Dhabi. As a goodwill gesture, he said, Saudi Arabia would cut production by one million barrels a day. But this failed to mollify his critics. Total OPEC production is between two and three million barrels a day above consumption. So the glut will remain, and sales will continue to suffer.

At first sight the breakdown seemed good news for the West—and the Saudis



Kuwait's price frozen, volume down

will expect a reciprocal gesture: speedy delivery of the promised U.S. AWACS surveillance aircraft. Oil markets now equal 100 days of world consumption, storage tankers are bulging and tankers

are being hired to hold the surplus. But speculation that OPEC might break up was brushed aside by Qatar's oil minister, Sheikh Abdul-Aziz Khalifa Al-Thani, who reminded questioners of King Faisal's remark that rumors of his death were "exaggerated," and by Yamani. The cartel could endure the confusion for three or four years, they said. Meanwhile, demand for oil would pick up with the onset of winter and a gradual easing of recession.

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## Australia

### But bad habits are still cheap

It is hardly surprising that a million people a year inquire about emigrating to Australia. The country has single-digit inflation, falling unemployment, rising real wages and a growth rate running at 6.75 per cent this year, on top of 11-year sustained, near-unchanged booms, relatively cheap food, petrol at 25 cents a litre—and wine costing as little as 72 cents a bottle. But the 111,000 immigrants, 1,808 of them Canadians, who started a new life Down Under in 1980, may have thought last week they had come to the wrong country. Treasurer John Howard brought down a budget meant to aid a country in peril that was on the threshold of a resource-based boom.

While giving away only crumbs—to large families, poor pensioners, the disabled and aborigines, said earlier this month by the World Council of Churches to live in conditions reminiscent of colonial Africa—Howard took an estimated \$601 million out of the pockets of consumers with a 25-per-cent rise in sales tax. There was no cost for these on tax revenues who are being forced to sell their homes by mortgage lenders. The same has been applied upward by U.S.-dictated interest rates to 12.5 per cent, appalling by Australian standards.

By not teaching the duty on liquor and cigarettes, as well as leaving food



Protest by unemployed workers, and Howard (right) killed trade

and medicines untaxed, Howard fell short of dealing kindly. Australia's knacker's blow hit, as a Melbourne Age commentator put it, the budget was splendid only for hard-drinking, hard-working, disabled aboriginal pensioners living in crowded accommodation with few children.

The official reason for such a deflationary move, which critics quickly pointed out will leave Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser free to make tax cuts in advance of the next general election, was to keep the lid on inflation, now 8.8 per cent but rising. But the government also wanted to increase defense spending (by 3.3 per cent in real terms) to cover the outlay for 15 tactical fighters to replace the aging French Mirage and for a new aircraft carrier. The Fraser cabinet will shortly decide on the \$1.4-billion fighter contract with the knowledge that the RAAF, according to Canberra sources, is recommending McDonnell Douglas' troubled F-18A Hornet, the same aircraft chosen by Canada, because the military is worried

by the rival, slightly less expensive General Dynamics F-16's safety record (one major crash every 3,800 flying hours). The only other area in benefit was foreign aid, which received a \$12.9-million infusion, explainable by Fraser's wish to make an impact on Third World leaders at the Commonwealth Heads of Government meeting in Melbourne in September.

But before that Fraser has to deal with a threat by the Labour party to stop his sales tax legislation passing the Senate, where the government coalition lost its majority last June. To achieve that, Labour would need the support of five Australian Democrats. Their leader, Liberal defector Don Chipp, refused to commit himself to support Labour. But that was small comfort to Treasurer Howard, 42, who sees himself posing a successor to Fraser. The week was nothing short of a nightmare for him. A few days before bringing down his budget he was forced to admit he had failed mathematics at school.

—PHILIP GIBBERD

killed male wildlife and the Queen's endorsement. Diana cut a striking figure in her white two-piece suit, dark blue and white polka-dotted blouse and wide-brimmed hat as she entered Craighall Church to hear the moderator of the Church of Scotland, Right Rev. Andrew Dunn, preach on a theme he summed up

The Honeybees' 'being forth' act



as "being forth fruit." The 38-year-old process is set to become the first royal fashion leader as the Royal Family name Princess Marina of Kent in the 1930s. She favors middle-price designers, such as Canadian Donald Campbell, and last week the diarist of the London Standard observed wryly that her "apparently insatiable appetite for elegant clothes" had caused a dozen outfits to be flown to Bahrain.

The riverside photo rail, rare in Balmoral history, was another indication of the fresh breeze blowing in Diana's wake. She allowed that the "highly recommended" married life, but the winning smile vanished when someone asked if she had yet cooked breakfast. "I don't eat breakfast," retorted the Princess of Wales. Indeed, Diana has been quick to learn the art of royal repartee from her husband. Presumably with a bouquet of narcissus by her side, she chuckled then, when asked with a daunting grin. "I suppose there are expenses!"

—CAROL KENNEDY

## U.S.A.

### Acid rain clouds in the forecast

#### Reagan appears poised to put the Clean Air Act



A Canada continued a high-pressure program to persuade the U.S. to help clear up its chronic acid rain problem—near here, of the Senate's public works committee were due on a fast-finding tour of Ontario this week—there were strong indications that these efforts would be frustrated. President Ronald Reagan delayed presentation of a proposed new Clean Air Act last week, and the National Resources Defense Council (NRDC) expressed fears that its final version would return to standards set in 1971—effectively doubling sulphur dioxide emissions from industrial sources in eastern, and trifling those from western, states. Said NRDC official Linda Schotter: "The plan which we understand Reagan will present to Congress next month will, by 1990, add three million tons of sulphur dioxide to the air each year."

According to the NRDC—one of several large American environmental groups that have joined together to form the Clean Air Coalition—Reagan will seek to relax auto emission standards and cut coal-fired power plant pollution regulations to meet the wishes of industrial leaders. They have argued strongly at secret meetings with the president and Interior Secretary James Watt in recent weeks that in the present economic climate they can no longer afford to comply with expensive clean air controls.

Chicago industrial pollution (above) and Wait, 'Industry is virtually drafting the language for the new act'



The NRDC's trading of events was strongly supported by a smear campaign, some directly involved in the Senate background wheeling and dealing. "The administration is under tremendous pressure to put the act," he said. "Industry is virtually drafting the language for a new act. The Canadian government is doing a great deal of counter-lobbying. But in the documents I have seen that has had little effect."

In taking the industry position, Reagan will be bucking private sentiment at home as well as in Canada. A recent

Harris poll showed that 86 per cent of Americans favor retaining or strengthening the existing law. Letters to the White House and Congress have been running strongly in favor of controls. But the president will argue that he is not convinced about the causes of acid rain and will order further studies.

Congress is to hold hearings into the acid rain problem this fall, and the evidence produced, along with the strong public support for safeguards, may compel Reagan to seek a compromise retaining at least parts of the present act. But Schotter and the NRDC are pessimistic, both about the power of the American clean air lobbyists and that of their counterparts north of the border. "Reagan is well aware of all the things that Trudeau and other Canadians have been saying," she said. "The Canadian government has been doing a lot of work. Unfortunately, it doesn't appear to have had any effect."

—WILLIAM LOWMYER

### Time expires on 'the clock'

Back when girls wore sweeter sets and men wore their crew-cut, the 1950s sported white socks and grey flannel bags, and people turned out in casual bar polo suits for the Harvard-Yale games. New York's Biltmore Hotel was so much a part of the occasion that it was a delectable tradition in the red leather banquettes in the lobby over-arched by the hotel's famous clock, nervous females smoothed their gowns and folded with circle pins and watch bracelets as they waited for their young gentlemen to rush over from the Yale Club across the street or pop off a train at nearby Grand Central station.

"Meet me under the clock" was an Ivy League rallying cry for more than 50 years. F. Scott Fitzgerald, with his

Biltmore as it was: crew-cut and socks





swarming eyes for the follies of the rich, described "a Baltimore alive with... the stellar debauches of many cities." Bloop that literary inventor of questionable social graces, J.D. Salinger's Holden Caulfield, was drawn to the Baltimore, meeting in *Catcher in the Rye* "I was way early when I got there, so I just sat down on one of those leather couches

right near the clock in the lobby and watched the girls."

Last week, however, most of the excitement was set taking place in the Baltimore's lobby but in a Manhattan courtroom where architectural preservationists and nostalgia buffs tried to save the old hotel from the wrecking ball. With Manhattan office space at a

Demolition equipment outside the hotel as Ivy League rallying cry for 50 years

premium and new hotels outbidding the 60-year-old Baltimore, the owners recently announced they would strip it to its steel skeleton and reconstruct it as the eastern headquarters of the giant Bank of America. Whole Baltimore lovers were still sobbing that, the hotel's owners sent eviction notices to the remaining guests and began demolition. Then, even if the preservationists should further their legal claims, there will be a truly hollow victory. The clock has already been removed and the adjoining Palm Court cocktail lounge turned to rubble. "How can they do something like that?" lamented Manhattanite Denny Pierce-Grove, now in her mid-30s and the mother of two young daughters who will never know the joys of the Baltimore. "They've just destroyed a part of my childhood."

—RITA CHRISTOPHER

## Space pilgrim's progress

The Voyager II spacecraft, now four years and about 2.5 billion km from Earth, was closing last week on the giant ringed planet of Saturn. Travelling at nearly 50,000 km/h, it was due to fly within 100,000 km of the planet's mean-colored clouds. According to Edward C. Stone, chief project scientist of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the spacecraft's mission was to photograph Saturn's hundreds of encircling rings and most of the 17 known moons. And last week, using identical television cameras but approaching Saturn under better conditions, Voyager II was already transmitting photos (see opposite) far superior to those taken last November by the trailblazing Voyager I.

*Colorful Saturn with ring system (below), and ribbonlike structure where atmosphere flows at 520 km/h (below left) as seen by Voyager II TV cameras*



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# Falls from on high

Canada's best tumble through Alberta's Big Sky

By Ellen Bell

At 3,500 metres, slight sky divers ready themselves in a huddle at the door of a Twin Otter, holding tightly to each other's leg straps and jump suits. A sign flashes from the front—15 seconds, then, 10:07. The jumpers are suddenly gone in a blast of wind, hurtling through the sky at more than 180 km/h, they move quickly and surely, various postures, breaking grip on one and flying into a new slot as new formation after another is completed. A glance at altimeters tells them there is so time left, and they separate quickly. Crack—the blast of wind stops—and brightly colored parachutes appear. Whirling and turning, the canopies float downward, the sky divers dangle at just the right moment for an easy stand-up landing.

Such was the scene at the Canadian Sport Parachuting National Championships last week in Canmore, Alta. Sky divers from all over the country descended on the town, vying for a spot on the Canadian Parachute Team. With 149 competitors in eight events, this year's national competition was the biggest yet. Eighty hours of competitive flying were sandwiched into an eight-day period. Competitors snatched out of their tents in the dark to be geared up and ready for the plane when it took off at sunrise; sky divers were still packing at sunset.

Run annually by the Canadian Sport Parachuting Association (CSPA), a governing body for more than 5,000 sky divers, the nationals are the final testing ground for Canadian jumpers. The winners now go on to compete in the World Relative Work Championships this fall in Tokyo/Hiro, Fla. Competition was stiff at this meet because the sky divers were competing against the best. But the Canadians are the current world champions, capturing gold and silver medals at the 1986 World Style and Accuracy Meet in Belgium, and the Canadian four-man relative work team brought back gold from the last two World Relative Work Championships in 1977 and 1979.

Canada's chances of winning gold at the up-and-coming world meet rest on a team called Asper, winners of last year's nationals. Team captain Mike Zahar, who led Canada's world champions,



Team Asper (above), and in formation. "The parachutes don't count"



teams in 1977 and 1979, has reason to work. Asper is led by Steve members (seven males and one female, most of whom were on the 1979 team) have collectively logged at least 13,000 jumps.

Mark Vincent of Asper sees relative work as an art like any other precision-oriented sport. "It's just like synchronized swimming or even figure skating; only we do it in the air. The parachutes really don't count."

The challenge comes in free fall, the time between exiting the aircraft and opening the parachute at 360 metres. For 38 to 40 seconds the sky diver is in total control, flying across the sky at up to 300 km/h, turning loops or swooping down to join a formation.

The team members have created a lot of time and money in their art. In May, they each put \$3,000 in the pot to pay for training jumps and have since covered most expenses on their own. To keep costs down, many are living in tents on the drop zone. One team member estimates that with the cost of jumps, new gear, living expenses and six months without an income during training and meets, this season alone will cost him \$30,000.

It is only in the past month that the Canadian government has awarded sky divers official athlete status. Seven jumpers who have proven themselves in world competition are now eligible to receive a training subsidy. CSPA will provide a team fund to cover a month-long training camp prior to the world championships in October. It will also pay for transportation, entry fees and competition jumps. Although Sport Canada provides a grant for this purpose, the bulk of the team's funds is made up of donations from Canadian sky divers themselves. Even so, it will not be enough to cover the training required for such high-level competition. In the past two years world standards in relative work have risen quickly. The Chinese, Americans, British and Austrians are all anxious to steal the title from the Canadians.

Only once in a lifetime are we likely to see a celebration so rich in glimmer and pageantry as the recent Royal Wedding—the spectacular Procession through London and the elaborate ceremony at St. Paul's, highlighted in a special 10-page photoessay—plus the m-depth background of the couple's famous romance... their past lives... their future together... and many other fascinating stories and photos—all captured in Maclean's unique 48-page Souvenir Album!

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Thompson of the Caw-Calf Association. Livestock killed by interest rates

and do nothing so helpfully this might stimulate a national plan. It's the old argument that you have to start somewhere. Last week's move by Whelan is a clear sign that MacMurphy's intentions could be better fruit—a striking departure from the traditional financial approach of noninvolvement.

The question now may be whether aid to beef farmers is even a subject for

debate. Worse than the perennial roller-coaster of price fluctuations, the current livestock killer is high interest rates. "The whole industry is going down the drain," believes Gerald Carrell, whose 1,500-head beef farm in southwestern Ontario was forced into receivership last week by high interest rates and low beef prices after operating as a family business for three gener-

ations. Over-all farm bankruptcies across Canada are up about 30 per cent so far this year over last year, while in the Ontario livestock industry, specifically, failures are up 80 per cent. More and more farmers feel the problem is nearing crisis proportions. "We haven't made money for two years," says Evans Thordarson, president of the Western Canada Caw-Calf Association and operator of a ranch at Mossy, north of Regina, Sask. This year, with farmers paying about \$1.50 a pound to raise beef but bringing back only about 35 cents a pound at cattle auctions, Thordarson says he has reached the conclusion there "really isn't any alternative" to some form of national market stabilization plan.

Whether consumer advocates would view a beef marketing agency in the same light is another matter. The likelihood is there would be strong opposition from groups opposed to the regulation of such a key commodity as beef on the grounds that boards generate inefficiencies and drive up prices. At the moment, the key factor seems to be the pain felt among beef producers. The bet is that if consumers refuse to pay prices for beef that are also excessive for farmers, they may end up killing the cow that gives the milk. ☐

## The roaring Surf

Among the young, striking professionals who inhabit Kitchener's Country Square Tower and Spanish Club, the talk in the members' lounge will often turn to stock market page drama after a few Canadian-boring rounds. Last fall, as club owner and local entrepreneur Robert Kelly inspired everyone's fancy—including his own—with tales of glittering fortunes to be made in the distant Alberta Stock Exchange, the talk began to focus on a certain junior oil and gas exploration company called Surf Oil Ltd. of Calgary. Within months, after a chance meeting between Kelly and Surf Oil's president, Ron Ross, Kelly and a group of local investors began making large purchases of Surf stock on the open market as well as taking 35 per cent of the company through three private placements of stock issued by Surf. The effect on Surf stock—as this group of Southern Ontario investors moved into grab control of the company—was dramatic. From obscurity at 75 cents a share, Surf shot up during a meteoric rise in less than six months to a peak of \$9 a share, an increase of more than 1,000 per cent.

When the crash came, it was one of the fastest and most dramatic stock tremors of the year. Within two days,



Kelly: Route to reach the moon

Surf stock sagged from \$7.50 to \$4 a share, within two weeks, it had collapsed altogether. By last week, when it bottomed out, carrying the last of its Kitchener investors along with it, Surf was straggling along at \$1.40 a share.

Starting this week, a few interested parties are beginning to ask questions: namely the RCMP, the Vancouver, Alberta and Toronto Stock Exchanges, the Alberta Securities Commission, as well as the Toronto head office of three leading brokerage houses whose Kitch-

ener branches lost money by extending Kelly's credit to buy Surf stock ("margin buying") far beyond normal practices. "This Surf story could turn into a real scandal," observes one Calgary broker, who, like almost everyone connected with the affair, demands to be kept anonymous.

How Kelly, barely 30, seems to have managed to whip Surf into such a frenzy is the question currently puzzling everybody. What the authorities are investigating is how the stock was pressured upward to such dizzying heights in so short a time and why the brokerage houses extended so much credit to Kelly to purchase the stock in the first place, as it was Kelly's debt and a slight dip in the share value (a "margin call") that caused the collapse to snowball out of control. No one questions Kelly's enthusiasm over Surf's prospects. With a number of good prospects, especially in the U.S., Surf looked good enough for Calgary's Albany Oil and Gas Ltd. to bid the equivalent of \$2.50 a share to buy it up in the aftermath of last week's disaster.

What are more serious legal or regulatory consequences have yet to face Kelly is already feeling a bitter personal sting for his apparent unseemly haste to reach the moon. Last week Kelly had to let off his athletic club too—the very place where the dream was hatched.

—ERIC STANISMAN AND JIM ROMANIN

# WALLY CROUTER

## THE CHAMPION OF BREAKFASTS



Enjoy the most nutritious breakfast seen in town! Charles Diering, Peter Dickson and David Craig with news and views. Bill Stephenson with sports and David Taylor with his financial report. Henry Sheenon sports traffic from his Twin Cities. Marlene Oliver checks public transportation and Ross Farrant gives you highway signals. Peter Head reports on ice-age-time activities in the holiday trees. Keeping the ingredients beautifully balanced in Wally's wit, dash and essential one-liners. Soap, Crackle and Pop! Wake up to Toronto's best mornings with the Wally Crouter Show.



5:30-10:00 A.M. MONDAY-FRIDAY

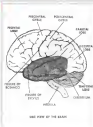
**CFRB 1010**

THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

# Banking on brains

Brain disorders, ranging from schizophrenia to epilepsy, affect more than two million Canadians. In the past, research into these diseases has progressed slowly due to the scarcity of experimental brain tissue in this country. But next month's opening of the Canadian Brain Tissue Bank at Toronto's Baycrest Institute promises to ease the gathering of tissue as well as increase donations from citizens and hospitals.

The bank's importance to research is enormous. "Many brain diseases affect only human beings," says bank co-ordinator Dr. Catherine Bergeron, "and thus we can't reproduce them in animals." Because of the high demand envisioned for the newly collected tissue by scientists in various fields of investigation, the bank will give priority to requests from brain disease researchers. Says University of British



Columbia brain researcher Dr. Thomas Perry: "The brain bank will make it possible for Canadian scientists to move much faster in the discovery of causes and, with luck, speed up treatment." The staff of the bank—the first of its kind in Canada and the third such centre in North America—will catalogue, dissect and store the tissue anatomically in accordance with international criteria. While requests from Canadian researchers will have prefer-

ence, tissue will also be available to a global network of scientists.

The credit for the bank's establishment belongs to those most directly affected by degenerative brain disorders: victims and their families. Ralph Walker, executive director of the Huntington Society of Canada, mobilized representatives of several similar groups to establish the bank into operation. Potential victims, for example, of Huntington's chorea (a rare hereditary disorder characterized by progressive mental deterioration) run a 50-per-cent chance of inheriting the disease. Understandably, they are anxious for a diagnostic breakthrough. Says Walker: "Tissue is essential to develop a treatment model. Brain study is the only way to go."

Because study into one disease often leads to breakthroughs in others, Perry's research into Huntington's chorea led to some important findings in schizophrenia. "Hundreds of thousands of people have benefited from brain research," he says. That is why he, like Bergeron and Walker, emphasizes the importance of the collection of donated brains from healthy individuals as well as those with disorders. "In neurochemistry," he explains, "we have to examine the autopsy brain and then compare it with the normal."

—MARGARET CANNON



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# "SHORTAGE OF SKILLED WORKERS? WE'VE FOUND ONE SOLUTION."

—Bob Wiza, Supervisor, Mechanical Trades Training

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# A bug in the inner ear

Ever since the discovery that an electric current ran through the head could make a person hear a sound, scientists have wanted to har-

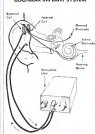
ness the technique to benefit the profoundly deaf. Now, Dr. Patrick Doyle of the University of British Columbia has received approval from St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver to begin performing experimental surgery on people this winter with a new electrode device known as the cochlear implant. Says Doyle, "This will be the first help available for truly profound deafness in which traditional hearing aids don't do any good." So far, the only other researchers of the implant in Canada are a nine-member team headed by Ivan Hattori-Deane at the University of To-

ronto. But they have been experimenting solely on animals.

In cerebral hearing, sound waves flow over the eardrum and past a series of tiny bones into a fluid-filled organ called the cochlea, and then on to the auditory nerve that transmits the information to the brain. The most severe hearing impairment occurs when the cochlea or the nerve is damaged—a problem the implant may help. Its two tiny electrodes, surgically inserted in the inner ear, lead to a relay post embedded behind the outer ear. The relay, post and a small microphone mounted at the ear's opening are wired to a "stimulator unit," or transformer, worn on the body. The microphone transmits sounds to the unit, which converts them into electrical impulses that in turn stimulate the auditory nerve.

The fabricated sounds are nothing like normal hearing, however. Voices, for instance, sound "like Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse" to Keith Hammer of Petersburg, Alaska—deaf since the age of 3 and now one of more than 500 experimental implant recipients in the U.S. Doyle cautions that patients must learn to distinguish sounds through extensive speech therapy and lipreading programs. Moreover, he points out,

**COCHLEAR IMPLANT SYSTEM**



"Not everyone with profound hearing loss is suited to the cochlear implant. Candidates should have intact auditory nerves, and it is preferable that they were once able to hear and speak normally."

In spite of the drawbacks, Doyle remains optimistic. "The cochlear implant has a long way to go," he concludes, "but perfecting it will definitely be the major thrust of research in the field over the next decade."

—ANNE ANDERSON  
With illustrations by Nancy Wilson

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## HEALTH

# Braces are coming of age

Improved hardware boosts the cachet of the tin grin

By Catherine Reid

**A**t 25, Mississauga, Ont., high school teacher Sandra Haxier resolved to have her crooked teeth straightened. After eight months of consultations with specialists, she emerged sporting braces. For the next two years, Haxier shunned ornate or the cob, endured the curious stares of strangers and meticulously cleaned her teeth three times a day. "There is nothing more revealing than seeing someone's lunch on their braces," she recalls. When the hardware was finally removed last fall, she was "amazed at the difference. My fang was gone—it was a tremendous boost to my self-image."

For a growing number of adult Canadians, braces are no longer an emblem of adolescence, like acne and first dates, but a remedy for long-standing problems. Orilla, Ont., orthodontist Dr. Goren Japeta reports, "Five years ago, you'd be lucky to find five per cent adult patients in a practice, now it's almost a third." From Halifax, Dr. Eric Smith echoes, "Thirty-five to 40 per cent of my patients are adults." Some of these late comers, like Haxier, are referred by dentists who believe that straighter teeth lessen the risk of gum disease. But according to Dr. Stuart Haxier, head of orthodontics at the University of Western Ontario in London, the strongest motivation is cosmetic, and so far more women than men are opting for the tin grin. "Our society is increasingly appearance-conscious...after all, who can remember the last Miss Canada with crooked teeth?" he asks.

Whatever the dictates of health or vanity, braces cost the wearer a hefty \$1,500 to \$4,000. But in recent years the dramatic spread of dental insurance plans, which often cover half the orthodontist's bill, has been making the venture affordable. The Canadian Life and Health Insurance Association Inc. estimates that 65 million Canadians are now covered by private plans—up from a paltry two million in 1977. Plans for the private sector could bring the total close to nine million.

Ultimately, however, what spurred the trend was the belated recognition, a decade ago, that an adult's teeth could still be moved. Improved hardware has also helped. Five years ago, the arch apparatus was a mass of heavy stainless steel, but today's more comfortable, less visible fixtures consist of a tiny

metal bracket, bonded to the tooth with an adhesive, which holds a light wire.

The profession is also quick to laud the efforts of oral surgeons, whose deft strokes of the scalpel can correct excessive overbites and receding lower jaws. Dr. Alan Lowe, head of orthodontics at the University of British Columbia, explains that while growing teenage bones can be manipulated with braces alone, the lack of growth in an adult

is such as such as Russell's, the orthodontist works closely with the oral surgeon mapping out a treatment plan. Recently the specialists have turned their combined attention to the chronic problem of jaw dysfunction, which Smith estimates affects roughly a quarter of his adult patients. A poor bite throws the delicate balance of the facial muscles askew, causing headaches, burning in the ears and imbalance. For Christine Marchant, 44, of Mississauga, surgery will also welcome relief from lifelong discomfort. Over the past 20 years she has suffered relentless clicking in her jaw every time she yawns or chews. She is mortified whenever she eats away from home her bite is so malformed, she cannot chew properly. "When I first got braces, I felt ridi-



Marchant (left), Smith: 'the strongest motivation is cosmetic'

sometimes entails an operation to correct serious jaw malformations. In the past decade, oral surgeons have developed the techniques necessary to separate the upper jaw from the floor of the nose and move the teeth back. Similar adjustments can also be made to the lower jaw. For 50-year-old Jane Russell of Markham, Ont., plagued by jutting front teeth, the surgical route meant eight months in braces before the operation, followed by nine weeks of tightly wired jaws and numbing, through a straw. A month after the wires came off, she was married—still wearing braces on her lower teeth.

lous, but I had always wanted to have my teeth fixed and now is my chance," she says gleefully.

The alliance of orthodontics and oral surgery is only the beginning of a broader team approach in adult orthodontics. Some practitioners also consult facial surgeons when treating serious cases. They point out, for instance, that when moving teeth back exaggerates a big nose, reconstructive (plastic) surgery will improve the patient's overall appearance. "We now also do a lot for them," says one orthodontist. "If we had gotten our hands on Joe Clark, he would have won the election." ◇

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## LIVING

### Beyond the bar scene



Pleased branches Ferguson and Burke

"Join us for a Sunday brunch in a warm and informal atmosphere. We are eight professional women in our 30s who are forming a new social network...an interior designer, a sculptor, a magazine publisher, a professor, a social worker, a radio producer, a landscape architect and an art consultant. Our interests vary from scuba diving, diving, cross-country skiing and karate, to the theatre, ballet and philosophy. We are looking for single men, both sensitive to themselves and sensitive to others."

If the notice was simple—enough with the bar scene—the response has proven otherwise. Within a week of the ad's debut last winter in *The Globe and Mail*, *The Canadian Jewish News* and *The New York Review of Books*, 30 men were writing to bid for invitations. Seven quiche-and-vinayagone brunches later, the right Toronto women have entertained hapflats from as far away as Rochester and Buffalo, N.Y. One member of the group estimates that in three afternoons of classical music and conversation, she met "eight years' worth of single men." And another, interior decorator Katherine Burke, 33, has already found out she's still seeing Jeremy Ferguson, the 37-year-old Brooklyn writer she met at the first brunch. Ferguson recalls the ad immediately

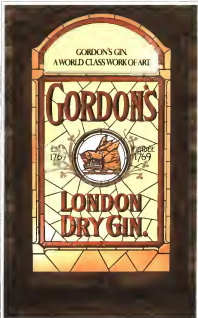
struck him as "elegantly informal."

Branch organizers cite educator Lynn Trubbing's Single Contact Seminar as their inspiration. States Trubbing, 33: "Placing an ad in a healthy form of advertisement. It means you are being sensitive." Selective the women certainly are. In a high-spirited evening reminiscent of a high school square party, they sent their letters with an eye to interests and a sense of humor. "It's a totally unscientific process based on emotion and instinct," insists Burke, but in fact professions in often the deciding factor. "We had a gross meter

one," concedes an anticipated feminist supervisor who guards her anonymity. Despite its forthright, modern image, the group fears the stigma of desperation.

Longing for a social life notwithstanding, the self-styled "Group of Eight" is proving on—and already has convinced Richard a recent ad in the *Toronto Star*. "Join us for coffee in a warm and informal atmosphere. We are three college professors and two business executives in our early 30s and 40s whose interests include tennis, bridge, dancing, sailing, theatre."

—CHRISTINE SCHULZ





## How long is a work week?

A maverick employment standards decision worries industry



By Brian D. Johnson

It was an astonishing coup for a small, somewhat obscure union that most of organized labor regards as a curious relic from the '60s. Without raising a peep, Sudbury's 8,000-member Mine Mill and Smelter Workers Union (MSMWU) Local 598 has forced Ontario's major resource industries to run for cover in the courts the entire, which works mainly for Falconbridge Nickel, sought far and got a new interpretation of "the work week."

For several years the union complained it was both cruel and illegal for Falconbridge to require its smelter workers to put in seven days at a stretch at their regular wage. Now a maverick decision on July 13 by Justice Egan, a referee for the Ontario Ministry of Labor, has accepted the union's argument that such a schedule violated the province's Employment Standards Act (ESA), which says no employee should work more than 44 hours a week without receiving overtime pay. Falconbridge promptly launched an appeal to Ontario's divisional court and now a host of

other employers anxiously awaits the outcome. If the court upholds Egan's ruling, it will send shock waves through the industrial relations departments in a broad range of businesses relying on stretched work weeks to cope with continuous 24-hour operation. More than 50,000 workers in the province could be affected—workers who may work 30 days on and four days off, or seven days on and two days off, averaged over a month's time. Employers running smelters, sawmills, pulp and paper plants, hospitals and a score of retail outlets would be obliged to either pay considerable amounts of overtime or redesign their schedules and hire more manpower. (So far the controversy has not cropped up in other provinces where employment standards legislation either defines the week as a fixed calendar period or leaves the interpretation up to the collective agreement.)

It's ironic that a ruling with such widespread implications should arise from a casepage staged by the MSWMU, something of a two-pot republic within organized labor since Local 598 in Sudbury is affiliated with no one, not even

the Canadian Labour Congress or the Railway Labor Council. "Yes, we're alone among the pants," chuckles Martin Maskey, the union's business agent who started the coup with Falconbridge last year by bringing a test case before the province's small claims court. Maskey, a 58-year-old Newfoundland with tattooed arms and a easy crew cut, says Egan's decision should make each Falconbridge smelter worker eligible to receive \$100,000 in lost overtime pay—retroactive to 1970, when the seven-day timetable was first introduced.

Shift workers at the smelter gates say they would welcome the bonus but display a unanimous desire to work a shorter week rather than receive overtime in the future. "Christ, we're dying in here," says Herb Rollins, a 57-year-old



Falconbridge smelter workers changing shifts (left) Maskey brooding (above)

appeal was typical. "You got no family life whatsoever. We're overworked, gotta seven days a week. The heat, the gas, the dust—to hell with the overtime!"

Falconbridge management, broadening the interpretation of the word "work," argues its schedules do not violate the ESA because employees never work more than 44 hours within a single calendar week, the schedules, which rarely start on a Sunday or Monday, are always arranged to span two calendar weeks. Egan's ruling points out that the law defines a "week" as any seven consecutive days regardless of where they fall. "But the basic thrust of our argument," says Falconbridge spokesman Pat Kelley, "is section 4 of the act, through which the firm could claim its wealth of fringe benefits is the contract proffered to the province of the so-

Any debate about the Egan ruling is an open invitation to a legal labyrinth. Chris Palmer, the lawyer who handled the case for Local 598, charges the Falconbridge schedule was "deliberately designed as a total abuse of the act." He has filed the Appeal Court would be reluctant to interfere with the decision of

## Lost Wax: Jet engine blades from a 6,000 year-old technique.

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an expert tribunal, though even Mackay is not quite so confident.

A date for the hearing has not yet been set, but is expected late fall. Even if the courts do uphold Ragan's decision, the Ontario labor ministry may interfere before its implications are felt. Assistant Deputy Minister Nick Ignatelli says, "There have been quite a few phone calls from the steel industry and the paper mills. It's a pretty damn tricky issue, and we're just trying to get our mitts around it."

While most employers worried about the Ragan decision have reserved comment until the controversy has cleared the courts, Jim Hughes, executive director of the Ontario Mining Association, has already taken action. He has asked a committee of club members to calculate the cost impact of paying overtime, an option he does not consider out of the question. He argues industry could instead opt for irregular swing shifts "which again would create employee dissatisfaction." But labor leaders say management is far more disturbed about the decision than they are letting on. "The decision is drastic," says Don Holder, Ontario vice-president of the Canadian Paperworkers Union, which, with the steelworkers, is following the MNR's lead in filing a complaint under the act. "We have word that the industry is lobbying something fierce."

Holder estimates about 17,000 pulp and paper workers across the province work schedules that would be illegally long according to Ragan's ruling. While seven-day weeks are most prevalent in the Canadian forest products industry, 11-day weeks are common. Holder says some paperworkers' schedules include "jockey" changes, whereby workers will come home from a midnight-to-4 a.m. shift and be expected to punch back in at 3 p.m. the same day.

Other areas of the economy affected by Ragan's decision are the sprawling sectors of retail and service industries. Thousands of hospital workers, store clerks and hotel and restaurant employees work a "stretched" week. Randy Millege, a national representative of the Canadian Union of Public Employees, estimates that 80 per cent of CUPW's 22,500 hospital workers and nursing home staff work shifts contravening the act. But government cutbacks and shortages of manpower, especially in the nursing profession, make it difficult to simply hire extra staff to fill a more relaxed timetable.

Stretching the work week in hospitals is obviously fraught with more complications than in smelters and paper mills, where the only real effect is a reduction of corporate profits. But throughout all sectors, employees appear anxious to repudiate their longer hours. □



#### conservation concepts: what electricity can do when it doesn't go down the drain.

Think about it. If one quarter of the homes in Ontario has one dripping hot water tap, 25 million gallons of water or over a quarter of a million dollars go down the drain in one month. And that's too bad, because that much energy could keep a hospital working for a month.

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- 1 Take a few minutes and a few cents to change worn tap washers. One dripping hot water tap can waste up to 175 gallons a month. 2 A short shower instead of a bath uses up to 80% less hot water. And installing a "low flow" shower head is an inexpensive way to save a whole lot more. 3 Make sure there is a full load before you turn on the clothes washer or dishwasher. Partly filled, they use the same amount of hot water as a full load does. 4 When you can, try washing clothes in cold or warm water instead of hot. Use cold water for rinsing. 5 If your clothes washer has "suds saver" or water level selector features, be sure to use them. 6 Insulate hot water pipes, especially if they run through a cold basement. 7 If you're going away for three or more days, switch off the water heater at the main service panel.

Conservation is easy. And it's always worth it.

**Electricity. It does more when we all waste less.**



# Reinterpreting the tale of the parting of the waves

An Egyptologist has a novel version of the exodus story



Goodrich. I don't believe a mere poetical story would inspire that impact

By Lesley Krugner

And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground, and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.

—Exodus 14: 22

**M**oscow theorists have for more than 30 years cast the biblical tale of Moses parting the Red Sea to a more earthly catastrophe: the tidal wave caused by an eruption of the volcanic Mediterranean island of Thera, which also destroyed the Minoan civilization on Crete. Now a renowned-if controversial-Egyptologist, Hans Goodrich, chairman of Near Eastern studies at Johns Hopkins University in Maryland, claims to have pinpointed the time of that wave, and those of the Jewish exodus from Egypt. Goodrich puts the start of the exodus 800 years earlier than other experts guess, at about 1477 BC. But both the date and his novel reinterpretation of biblical fact have raised scholars' hearty skepticism, as he questions one more law of the Bible is truth, and how much metaphor.

"One doesn't decide," points out Goodrich, "on a certain Monday at 9 a.m. to find the footsteps of Moses." Instead he has been filing exodus clues for 28 years in his main interest in elsewhere, in Egypt's Old Kingdom of 2700 to 2300 — "and he's very good," a colleague says pointedly, "within his period." But this year the exodus first fascinated,



Goodrich studies hearty skepticism

then preoccupied, Goodrich. His book on it is due out this winter, and next month he is journeying to Tell el-Hesi, Egypt, the point he claims the fatal wave struck. The planned three-week archaeological dig could confirm or blunt his theory.

From Priham, scholars agree, the Israelites fled Egypt. Goodrich thinks they took the main summer road to Palestine, which lay just south of the Mediterranean, where they were attacked by the fumes of a pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night—signs, he claims, of Thera's prehistoric eruptions 500 km north. At first, the road was clear. But the trouble appeared halfway to Palestine, on a desolate Goodrich pinpoints 10 km south of the coastal Lake Maryout. There the Egyptian army appeared in pursuit.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn and encamp.

—Exodus 14: 1, 2

Goodrich thinks they turned south, accepting the sole defensive elevation on the plain. There, he says, they prepared arms—needless. Thera, blew Oceanographers guess that only three hours later the tidal wave cascaded to km into Egypt. Goodrich believes this wave destroyed the pharaoh's army, while the Jews stood safe on high ground, the waters parting around them.

However attractive believers find the synopsis, experts are skeptical. "The Bible doesn't allow simple analysis," warns Hebrew scholar Frank Cross of Harvard University. Some parts of the Bible predate others, and isolated analyses can trace the evolution of fact into metaphor through incorporation of old myths. The exodus, he says, first appears in an early song as the Jews' flight from Egypt by sea during a "no-lust storm." As the theme in the Bible is developed by a raft of the Canaanite sea god, "we start to get the splitting of the sea, because of the splitting of the sea dragons of old myth."

Goodrich freely disputes the interpretation. "The event of the parting of the sea is the basis of the entire Jewish religious experience," he says. "I don't believe a mere poetical story would inspire that impact." Goodrich also disputes the contention by Cross and Egyptologist Donald Redford at the University of Toronto that both textual analysis and Mid-Eastern archaeology place the exodus as earlier than the 13th century BC. Goodrich points to his key evidence, however, from Mafsa's ruins, 1450 to 1400 BC: a royal inscription found on a shrine at a site known as Spent Ankerdon. He translates it as "And when I allowed the abominations of the gods to depart, the earth swallowed their footings! This was the deliverance of the Primal Father (Nun, the primordial water) who came one day unexpectedly."

Here a crucial debate arises. The suspected Redford says Egyptians referred to any foreigners as "abominations." And, translating from hieroglyphs, he renders the last sentence as "That is the instruction of the Father of the Fathers (Ra, the sun god), who comes at his appointed time." In other words, an expected.

Again Goodrich demurs. When guests come at their own time, rather than the host's, he says, they come unexpectedly, thus his figurative rather than literal translation. Goodrich counters critics indignantly, but they will think him close to the exodus tale on one point only: like Moses, he's wandering in the desert. ☺



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**CAFÉ DE PARIS**  
BY MCGUINNESS



alices and galls. Williams modulates his deterioration into a crossed paranoiac beautifully. The startling outbursts of anger and desperation aren't overplayed—they keep building until Cello is a human pressure cooker. He's imprisoned before he faces indictment, as the star witness for the prosecution he's heavily guarded for years, denied the normal existence as a father, friend and husband he has always worked for. That Williams keeps Prince of the City hot under the collar for a longer time than most established actors could.

Lament and his co-screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, don't heat Cello on a pedestal as much as show what a bird he's placed in. And they also force us to respond with information to the duplicity of the federal commission (as belated to the last manhandled federalist by Bob Balaban's spunky-crim and shrewd, high-echelon federal nerd). The lawyers and official bureaucrats join the mob in the name of erasing; they get the promotions. The working stiffs like Cello and his judges are used and, when useless, finally abused. It's been some time since a legally movie survived by the sheer will of its intelligence rather than stars, sets and gleaming surfaces. *Prince of the City* has such northern, but not at the expense of depth. The detail is dramatic, the dialogue tailored to the streets. It has energy to burn—and a scorching performance by a brand-new star.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

## Cool denizens of an erotic furnace

### BODY HEAT

Directed by Lewis See *Kansas*

There hasn't been as much talk about the sweltering heat state Maggie the Cat got stuck on a hot pin neck for days. The heat in *Body Heat* is so oppressive it's fairly absurd, and would be just that if the sweat didn't have such an erotic glaze. A man-and-male, reworking of *Double Indemnity* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice* with a companion setting and a few groks all its own, the plot of *Body Heat* is familiar but still seductive. Smoldering operator Ned Racine (William Hurt) as a nickel-and-dime attorney meets slick, sensually repressed Matty (Kathleen Turner) who is married to an older but loaded man (Richard Crenna). They bump him off for the dough and, true to the genre's tradition, things begin to go awry. You've seen it all before (or most of it) but you may not have seen it in quite the same light.

Lewis See keeps the film's erotic strip scripts for *The Empire Strikes Back* and  *Raiders of the Lost Ark*)



shows a gift for tart, tightly wound dialogue with a wickedly funny threat to: "You're not too smart, are you?" says the ramp to the attorney. "I like that in a man." Taking his first crack at directing, Kaufman shows an awesome talent for visual storytelling. Colors seem to bloom in the pervasive night scenes and they're as alive as the talking scenes outside Matty's bedroom. The erotic encounters in *Body Heat* have a singular charge to those in the official remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* earlier this year, though they are less effective for being more polished. Kaufman is a true virgin director: he's anxious to keep everything on heat all the time

Heat and sweat, from passion and fear of discovery, are the two dominant motifs in *Body Heat*, pushed to the point of orgasm (perhaps too much). Kaufman's Achilles heel is found in his choice to tell a story that has been run through the mill once too often. His apparent need to refer to '60s film sound distances us from the material and occasionally throws a spanner into the dialogue (there are a few too many "darlings" during the pre- and post-coital talk). A shot of Turner wringing her lips out of a car tops the first shot of Barbara Stanwyck's coming down the stairs wearing her anklet in *Double Indemnity*. The disposal of the husband's body (in the trunk of a car during a foggy night) is too close to *Indemnity* for comfort. These homages slow Kaufman up; he's overly obsessed with making a '40s movie.

He is, however, wonderful with actors.

Crenna (left), Hurt and Turner: the post is familiar but still seductive.

# classmates



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## A southern triumph for the Great White North

The satire of SCTV takes the American airwaves by storm

THE SUMMER SEASON OF SCTV (Network 9), which filled the gaping hole left in television humor when the original cast of *Saturday Night Live* departed, was remarkable for its softness. Spearheaded by James Wainwright's constant comment in *The Village Voice*, the American critics were generally ecstatic. *Soba Nuts* plastered its opinion across a front page. *THE NEW YORK TIMES* on TV. To say one surprise, NBC has renewed SCTV for the fall—now new 90-minute shows starting Oct. 16 followed by an option for nine more as well as a general five-year option. That gives SCTV the distinction of being the first Canadian TV series to make the border crossing with brain beads to print it.

"The commercial success," says Andrew Alexander, the show's producer, "is just to be really sure. The ratings went up and down during the summer but improved dramatically during the past few or five weeks. Now they're more than respectable and the network's happy." It all sounds strikingly similar to *Saturday Night Live* in its salad days: terrific response and gradually rising ratings.

Like *Saturday Night Live*, almost all *Aprèsmoi* and *Griffin* Redner, most of the members of SCTV got their teeth with Toronto's Second City comedy troupe. But unlike the stage troupe, the subject of SCTV is almost entirely television.

And it is not within a TV format. The show has its own ads (it's hard to tell them from real ones), floats its own personalities and buys its own programming. Unique and wonderfully worked in that respect, SCTV never assumes infallibility as a virtue (as *Saturday Night Live* did and as its shows do currently in their moments). It also appeals to a larger audience, everyone is aware of the content of television, and everyone gets the jokes.

While television may be the great equalizer, talent is the great divider. The magnificent seven who make up the cast of SCTV are the best bunch of writers in gaudy in years. Some of the irony and parody that immediately comes to mind includes Catherine O'Hara's covering and quivering Katherine Hepburn, Dave Thomas and Joe Flaherty as Bob and Shag on the road, Rick Moranis' Mary Griffin, Andrea Martin's Indira Gandhi and Eugene Levy and Rick Cusack as Ronalds MacIntosh and Tattler from *Fraser Island*. The combined technical prowess places few limitations on anything they attempt to parody, except SCTV rarely always goes beyond parody into true satire.

The difference between the two is the difference between looking and laughing. The edge in the writing, contributed to by the cast, is sharpened



Andrew Martin and Joe Flaherty. TV's children rebelling against the parent

every. When Danny and Morris Osmond espouse the benefits of Kewell's crab lice remover, something says in the viewer's head and says, "Yes, down it up and you can make anything, even better for little bastards, appealing." The mindless mental compensation and hygienic laughter of the children shows, exaggerated over so slightly, turns up the lights on the reality of such shows. It's funny—and then a little frightening—to see how a society manages to amuse itself. The SCTV cast members are the children of TV—irreverent, perceptive, unpretentious and unchaperoned—who have rebelled against the parent.

Alexander thinks the show's success is due to talent. "They're a strong ensemble who have been working together for years." But Alexander, who began the Toronto branch of Second City (the original was born in Chicago) and who has trained himself "ambitious" and "a hustler," is in no small way responsible for it as well. He doesn't think the Canadian content is important to Americans. However, when Bob and Doug MacKenzie—drinking beer and attired in togas and fuzzy jackets—talk about nothing quite contentedly on *The Great White North*, it's safe to say that Americans find their funny of "likes," "ehs," "you know" and "rights" the language of exotic creatures.

Exotic, but with some heads in their own experience. Everyone knows someone like Andrea Martin's hapless-lipped Edith Prockler, whose soliloquy in life is to be a "chick." Or Martin's Prem Schorran, the "foreign person" who means well with the English language but is forever adrift in a sea of words. There's a human element in SCTV that makes television breathe, and an intelligence that makes it jump.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

## Chasing a happy ending

CONVERSATIONS WITH  
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER  
REFUGEE FROM INDIAN CREEK  
By Enrique Henk Lopez  
(McGraw-Hill and Stewart, \$19.95)

FOR all the praise and prizes that she garnered, American writer Katherine Anne Porter wrote astonishingly little in her lifetime—three slim volumes of short stories, a collection of essays and one mammoth novel, *Ship of Fools*, which took 20 years to write and was interrupted, she once remarked acutely in an interview, "by just anyone who could jockey his way into my life." She was a beautiful Southern belle with violet eyes, a wicked wit and an insatiable urge to wander a restless and who could never quite settle down domestically, or into her work. She ran with Mexican revolutionaries during the Obregon Revolution of 1920, collected three husbands—her first when she was 16—and numerous lovers, and lived in every place, as she put it, from the "howling wilderness" (she was born in Indian Creek, Tex.) to the capitals of the world, including Paris, Washington, Berlin and Mexico City.

As an artist, she felt the traditional conflict between being a free spirit and living the ending, moribund life neces-

Porter an insatiable urge to wander



sary to produce fine work. As a woman, she felt another pull no male artist had to worry about: "You're brought up with... the curious idea of feminine availability in all spiritual ways, and in giving service to anyone who demands it."

For Porter there was no resolution. A

lifetime of vivid experiences was tempered by the painful conviction, as she feared death, that she had wasted at least some of her time and talent. But like those other Southern women of distinction, Fanny, Willy and Flannery O'Connor, Porter had a unique, compelling voice and, despite her long periods of lying fallow, she used it to tell memorable stories, most of which were autobiographical. One of her most famous, *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, was the haunting tale of a young woman she called Miriam, and her husband's love-hating influence. Before the lower dia-



Rick Moranis (left) and Dave Thomas: The language of exotic creatures



The two song from an old Negro spiritual, "Pale horse, pale rider, done taken my lower away."

When Porter died last September just after her 90th birthday, she left no autobiography but she did leave behind a series of taped conversations with Enriguez Hank Lopez, a Mexican author and lawyer Lopez in the Southern belle get away with murder she fabled dates, refused to reveal the name of her first husband and contradicted herself several times to an author's tale, he gently forgives her (and himself) explaining that his book is "the revelation of the life perceived by the subject, not always the life that was led."

The result is neither totally satisfactory as biography, nor—when Porter's words are read—autobiography, but it is a charming book all the same, scintillated with brilliant reflections. In the winter of 1932, Porter, living in Berlin, found herself at a dinner party with Hitler's two disciples, Joseph Goebbels and Hermann Goering. Sitting roughly on a set with Goering, she listened to him explain in scintillating detail how he was going to rid his country of the Jews, felt a chill go through her body and agreed with him. Still, she accepted his offer to drive her home. As he left he insisted on tagging at a tree in the garden for a dance. To her surprise, he was a good dancer, "probably the only man there who didn't pump his left arm." The next night the stool him up for dinner and they never met again.

Despite her wit and talent, Porter was not able to make a living from her writing until *Ship of Fools* was published in 1962, when she was 71 years old. It earned her nearly a million dollars, but by then it was too late. Finally she was comfortable but, it seemed, too tired to write. She had always hoped she'd take Lopez to the States as a "working girl off at my typewriter." But instead she devolved shakily into illness and then death, and was finally buried in a small mail-order catalog she had bought herself—managing a daily wrap up so otherwise rapidly erasing. The price she paid was a bushel of uncompleted manuscripts (in her basement). —JILLIAN TINKER

## The messy life of an odd traveller

A LITTLE ORIGINAL SIN  
by Millicent Dillon  
Dial Knickerbocker & Winston, \$27.95

On the second of this book's 350 pages, Millicent Dillon chooses to share the following information: "June broke her right leg in 1981. I broke mine the same



Jane Bowler with her husband, Paul, in 1949: childhood returns and a suspense

year." Immediately, it is clear that, so a page of relevance (what any good biographer must feel she's doing). Still, she comes about her subject, even if not in any particularly illuminating way. Because her book draws attention to a talent worth caring about, one reads on.

Born in New York in 1907, Jane Bowler was Jewish and had a bad leg. She was also gay, a fact described on the dust jacket as "experimenting with lesbianism." Sometimes she thought it funny to refer to herself as "Crippie, the Kike Dyke." Although she found women more "profound and mysterious—and pleasant," she married Paul Bowler, a composer and author more famous and prolific than she. Her published output was limited to only a play (*The Summer House*), a novel (*Two Sinners Love*) and seven short stories. Even that, however, was enough that Tennessee Williams once described her as "the most important writer of prose fiction in modern American letters."

Williams also wrote that "Her work doesn't need an appreciation influenced by sympathy with the circumstances of her life." But apparently, Dillon doesn't think so, and that lapse must gravely Bowler was a woman of childhood whims, wit and excesses. She moved jiggly between New York and Tangier, where she carried an unwise torch for Gertrude, a woman she took her money and kept a black-magic pact in the phallosphere. While no biographer may be expected to keep orderly track of such a messy life, Dillon, as the title promises, pretends to deal with the work as well. Instead of, say, comparing Bowler to Dymphna Barnes or Carson McCullers—American writers who treat the lives of popular people—Dillon hables endless, grandiose paraphrase and foolish speculation about Bowler's connection to her fictional creations. "If Miss Goer-

ling is only partly June, June was only partly Miss Goering."

Less than halfway through this biographical, Bowler has already founded the last fiction she is ever to complete. There is the snag in cover of was pressed on Broadway in 1962 and not understood by the critics, but what's left is the unfolding of her physical, mental and artistic decline. Dillon lingers on, citing medical reports of Bowler's falling nerves and forehead accounts of those who remember her morning drags and drink and showing up in bars in her nightgown. However, the book is saved from becoming an exercise in lurid memory by the note of Bowler herself in several long letters. Out of these emerges a character far cleverer and more charming than Dillon, with all her good intentions and plauditing research, is able to summon. For all this book's many words, the most eloquent statement comes in a letter Bowler wrote after a stroke that left her paralyzed: "I have in my toughest problems the fear of being alone."

—DAVID RAY GUNTER

## Six characters in search of an editor

ELIZABETH ON ICE  
by Danya Chabot, translated by David Lubick  
Oberon, \$17.95 hard-cover,  
\$8.95 soft-cover

This first novel constitutes a triple outrage. Defying all canons of taste, the manuscript managed to get into print (in the *Granta*, in Quebec), it then won the 1979 Prix d'Honneur d'Études, one of Quebec's prestigious and obscure literary awards, and now, for the greater glory of national unity, it has been translated into English. Whether or not its author, Danya Chabot, has talent is impossible to tell; any sensible publisher would have told him to rewrite his manuscript and come back next year. Additions of editorial responsibility is detrimental even to experienced writers, but when it is replaced by self-congratulatory literary salutes, the results can be disastrous for beginners.

The narrator in *Elizabeth on Ice* exists after five pages in favor of a series of memories related to him by Oberon, a fellow passenger on a transatlantic liner. In his first tale, Oberon tells how, traveling through the Arctic region, he encountered his double. One Oberon is then decapitated by a train and the other, miraculously, popping up now and then in subsequent memories told by five characters ranging from Blake, a fabled antique dealer, to Phantzie, the



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herb, important master of an island  
brothel called Châteauguay. Undaun-  
ged by the lack of plot, the reader  
cagily notes the pointed literary refer-  
ence in Pausan and the mysterious con-  
struction of Châteauguay: identify the  
cave, its walls are steatite! Pausan  
fancies himself "master of all flocks of  
human emotions." Not only that, but  
Châteauguay, after weathering an ice  
age, is destroyed by fire. Gulp. Some-  
thing terrible is obviously afoot.

For all these heavy-handed barba-  
rism of meaning, nothing stops Chap-  
bet's hallucinating consciousness holds  
the book together and, for all their ec-  
centricities, the characters are indistin-  
guishable. The reader is left holding a  
bunch of boring, disconnected dope-  
store Chabot but snoring secret too,  
too. They may be unavoidable in an in-  
sular wilderness, but isolated from  
any kind of integrating moral or es-  
thetic framework, the location of  
wombs with broken beer bottles reads  
like plain old gratuitous violence.

—MARK CRAMER

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### Fiction

- 1 Noble House, Chabon (1/4)
- 2 God Emperor of Mars, Moore (2)
- 3 Curly Park, Smith (2)
- 4 The Curmudgeon, Marlowe (1)
- 5 The Lullaby House, Winkler (2)
- 6 The House of God, West (2)
- 7 Goodbye Jacobite, Roberts (2)
- 8 Trade Wind, Kage (1)
- 9 Lovers' Lake, Higgins (1)
- 10 The Temptation of Helen Hughes, Smith

### Nonfiction

- 1 The Lord God Made Them All, Brown (1)
- 2 The Beverly Hills Diet, Most (2)
- 3 Deborah's Book of the Royal Wedding, Fickler (1)
- 4 The King's Girl, Custer (2)
- 5 Cannon, Sagan (2)
- 6 The HIV Report on AIDS, Sussman (1)
- 7 Terry Fox: His Story, Sorenson (2)
- 8 Patton's Gap, Hall (1)
- 9 Service & Wine in the Wilderness, Kurland (1)
- 10 Black Narcissism: A Writer's Life, Crampton (2)

(1) Fiction best seller

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## MUSIC

# Jazzing up the summer

If jazz remains a minority taste in  
the '80s, it would have been difficult  
to convince Edmontonians of this  
unbridled commercial reality last  
week. For eight days, the Alberta capital  
transformed itself into a self-proclaimed  
"Jazz City," hosting the second  
annual Edmonton International Jazz  
Festival. Other Canadian cities (Mont-  
real, Stratford) have staged jazz events  
this summer, but the Edmonton gala is  
Canada's only genuine world-class af-  
fair, a somewhat scaled-down equivalent  
of the huge Montreal. This year's  
comprehensive program included 39  
theatre concerts (most of which sold  
out), five downtown one-hour per-  
formances, a daily schedule of festival  
workshops, a fringe series at area night-  
clubs and screenings of jazz films. Jazz  
City has become a solid local institution  
in a place renowned more for suga-  
riness than rhythm.

As in the case with most entertain-  
ment successions, the motivating force  
is a small group of devotees and, ultimately,  
one key member. The nonprofit  
Edmonton Jazz Society was formed in  
1968 with musician-broadcaster Alan  
Vassay at the helm—a position he still  
occupies as festival artistic director.  
Vassay and company saw their big op-  
portunity last year during Alberta's  
\$75-million 35th birthday party. Bol-  
stered by a \$500,000 Alberta Culture  
grant, Jazz City made headlines of many  
kinds. Edmonton's hilariously com-  
ical acts such as Royce Dye and Chuck  
Margolin, organizers presented an in-

telligent error section of jazz voting,  
stretching from the pop-hit Joe Pass to  
the innovation of the Art Ensemble of  
Chicago. The festival attracted hordes  
of young, openly mobile Albertans in  
search of something to replace (or sup-  
plant) a waning interest in rock or folk.

In fact, the failed demographic  
group (aged 25 to 45) is arguably the key  
to Jazz City's economic future. Edmon-  
ton's boomtown economy and commensu-  
rable population growth has created an  
almost mass desire among many  
young professionals for the perceived  
good life. Depending on the motivations  
of the latter, certain schools of jazz  
can provide an unchallenging musical  
atmosphere—while some to accompany  
the mineral water, Boston ferns and

James (Jazz) Brooks (Jazz) Vassay:  
scaled-down equivalent of Montreal.



quiche beloved by a segment of the  
white wine generation. While it would  
be unfair to characterize the majority  
of Edmonton jazz listeners as such,  
dozens of gold-plated police cars  
could be found among the usual two-  
and-three set at Jazz City intermissions  
last week. It remains to be seen whether  
most jazz these new parents will dis-  
card the music as easily as a pair of  
frayed Calvin Kleins.

Still, the fact that this year's festival  
happened at all is a testament to the  
dogged determination of Vassay and his  
board members. With last year's fund-  
ing a plummet, memory, the budget there  
in its last summer, a city sym-  
phony group which supports a variety of  
cultural events through months of  
not-hiring, funds were finally released  
in late spring—barely enough time to  
book one major concert, much less  
mount a world-class festival. By any  
measure, the organizers pulled it off ad-  
mirably, putting together another im-  
pressive, wide-ranging bill. From the  
fusion of Billy Cobham and Randy  
Braker to the smooth school of Barney  
Kessel and Herb Ellis, the frenetic  
A.A. of Ella Fitzgerald to John Abernethy's  
lyrical ballads, plenty of high-  
priced musical art was covered. The re-  
sult was particularly strong for tradi-  
tional artists such as drummer Art Blakey  
and blues guitarist Lennie Novato  
who turned in solid, accessible per-  
formances before large houses. But it was  
almost Arthur Blythe's cutting edge  
group fewer than 500 patrons, putting  
questions about the future musical di-  
rection of the festival. Also, there was a  
conspicuous shortage of Canadian artists  
in the major concert series, drawing  
heat from the media and local players.  
Organizers claimed the line funding  
prevented the booking of a Canadian act  
of sufficient quality and promised to  
remedy the matter next year. Such dis-  
tinction seems to have given the chair-  
person of Jazz City an extra degree of  
reticence; jazz is likely to be part of Ed-  
monton's summers for a good many  
years.

—ALAN KILGORE



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## SHOW BIZ

## Las Vegas on the range

The dinner guests take a final sip of well-mellowed coffee and adjust their chairs to face the stage. The lights dim, the music swells and the performer they have all been waiting for matters onstage in a black tuxedo leaning over the microphone, he enthusiastically murmurs, "Hi, I'm Johnny Cash." The audience screams.

With a reputation, seating capacity of 1,750, a top ticket price of \$75 and the promise of such attractions as Anne Murray, Rod Skelton, Tony James, Tammy Wynette and Bob Newhart, there is a Las Vegas glitter to the scene. But Devil's Lake Corral is about as far removed physically from the Sin City-style services of Nevada as Caesar's Palace is psychically from the Stratford Festival. Situated in a field near One-way, Alta, 146 km northwest of Edmonton, Canada's largest dinner theatre is accessible only by a narrow two-lane highway. Earlier this month the opening-night crowd of 1,700 formed what resembled a convoy, inching toward Johnny Cash. "I haven't had to go this far for a show since I went to Australia," quipped the Max in Black to his audience.

The organizers of Devil's Lake Corral have gone all the way in building their dream of creating a Las Vegas-scale dinner theatre to tap the disposable petrol dollars of Albertans. Wayne Bourke, a farm equipment dealer and chuck-wagon racer, and Larry Schlichenmayer, a realtor-cum-endorsable-actor, sat over coffee three years ago and forecast a rash of stars flocking to

Cash' out to tap those petrol dollars



Schlichenmayer, Bourke and Anne Murray, and soft drinks on the house

One-way. Six million dollars and 17 winters later, Devil's Lake is larger than life. The 40,000-square-foot cedar theatre looks like a barn and sounds, fully air-conditioned, in the middle of 37 acres of grass, lake and blue herons. ("It's their nesting ground," explains Bourke.) The Corral will be open year-round, in the face of treacherous road

conditions and exorbitant heating costs. Reservations for Rod Skelton, in late August, and Anne Murray, in early September, are already 95-per-cent sold out. Not that Anne Murray has trouble selling 1,350 tickets anywhere, but to meet her fee of \$100,000 per show and the hefty overhead, ticket prices (week included) range from \$50 to \$107.

For the moment, the negative audience has to be patient with the limits of the budgeting operation. "We had our share of problems," says Bourke of the opening-night difficulties. The potato baker exploded and the kitchen ran out of vegetables, leaving many guests with little more than a slab of Alberta steak on their plate. Served in pre-juice-on-ice style, the patrons were herded through food stations to pick up beef cooked on a 15-centre barbecue.

To make matters worse, no liquor could be served. The liquor licence application had been submitted to the Alberta Liquor Control Board three weeks before the Corral's opening, and the board has yet to decide whether to allow intemperance in such a vast hall. "We don't know what's taking them so long," says Schlichenmayer, looking daffily at one of the five complimentary bars, where a twinkled lid was serving soft drinks (on the house, of course).

At least customers will not have to worry about a Las Vegas-style hotel fire. Accommodations will be limited to camping grounds (with spaces for motor homes), after watching the stars, patrons can sleep under the stars. The lake offers fishing for northern pike and peacock, so if the kitchen fails guests can angle for their own sustenance—just like the real cowboys.

—SUSAN PEDWELL

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# History replayed in Portugal

Watching the Europeans play on the sunny southern strand

By Allan Fotheringham

**T**he view of the world as seen from a beach in Portugal looking across to Africa.

In the World Cup soccer finals, held in London in 1966, East England and West Germany met for the championship of the most popular sport in the universe. The referee, the match, a Fleet Street sportswriter told his readers, "If, on the morrow, the Germans should best us at our national sport at Wembley Stadium, let us remember that we have come beaten them at theirs." Here in Portugal—a neutral during our most recent world war—the struggles between the Brits and the Huns go on, the only casualty being the casual traveller seeking only his mandatory annual brain transplant, peace, solitude and a resort that will make the world safe for democracy.

At the Hotel Dona Filipa, at Vale do Lobo in the Algarve, the battle lines—no less severe than the trenches of the Somme—are drawn around postcard towns, sun umbrellas, cocktails and dancing. Holidays are serious matters for the European, a solemn in the sun a cherished break, the one and only yearly escape from congested cities and constricted economies. One doesn't surrender an inch of beach without a struggle (Churchill—who preferred Marzamacco—would have approved).

The Algarve, shut off from the rest of parched Portugal by a modest mountain range, looks due south to Morocco. It is spectacular in beauty, the deep green of its trees set off by blinding white villas with their orange tile roofs, bathing the eye like a visual tranquillizer. The Atlantic surf pounds in on the beach, just before the ocean squashes in at Gibraltar to become a sea called Mediterranean.

The problem is the struggle between southern European resorts in competition for those sun-starved refugees from the north. Differing package terms go to differing travel agents, differing costs.

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room—a net throws wide its arms to these German industrialists, sleek in face and effleur, reared of belly, with their last-minute \$40-ups from some Lousanville package tour. The results prevent a traveller from finishing his long-promised read of *War and Peace*. It is a matter of travel that the less one pays for his accommodation, the more the bickering. The Brits are rude, shouting loudly at their children who are defiling the pool the German industrialist has paid for so as to purchase privacy

four lanes from the north country. One would guess, by the George Foreby accents, from Leeds or thereabouts. They are in their early 40s and are attempting to go to sleep.

It is part of the struggle with the shameless continental dummies. One of the four does not have the equipment to attempt it. The other three manage it bravely if not comfortably, the double-take Portuguese men allowing that, if anything is to win over their neutrality, this is not it. In the bar is encountered a

South African novelist who observes, in dismay, "Journalists? You live a life of perpetual emergency." Not bad, one thinks while denying it, not bad at all. It is why one needs an annual brain transplant. And 74 foreign-born tourists I hate tomatoes. This derives from 35 years ago in Spain where I first discovered that they are not soggy finger eggs but can be rub like a beefsteak in more than one. Portugal has revived my affair.

In the bar of the Hotel Dona Filipa, the rule decrees that one must wear a tie and jacket after 7:30.

The strict rule is trans-ported to the Algarve. The German industrialists sit alone with their wives, never talking through dinner, no doubt worrying about the mark, watching the noisy English children. When they leave, their wives follow two steps behind them—like Prince Philip.

In the room, the radio plays Bob Dylan and Pete Seeger. The moon is in German. In the ballroom, there is Alstair, a lean Scot with flame hair, 1958 brooms and a ranging dance style that in Traveller Glasgow revived his vespers, does the Charleston, falls to his knees, plays the ball to his wife with fake horses. The Italian witch antiques The German watch superior Alstair, on occasion, says, "We've danced across Europe for 30 years." His eye has had the courage to tell his that his poor wife, poorly, uncoordinated, can't dance. A Paris paper informs us that Jimmy Conita, the Member from Stirling, has been defeated in Toronto-Spadina. That's even funnier than the British and the Huns.



The Ugly Lenny? They struggle for primacy at the seawall, the sun-baked Brits shoving for the early noon results, the German scanning the financial pages for dire news of the falling mark. The French shrug and retire to the sun set.

Proof that the main purpose of the world is to amuse itself is that European fashion, so of 1985, has adopted what was the cat's meow in Ivy League colleges of the 1960s. The richest German tourists now wear plaid Bermudas shorts that look exactly like what a bumpy-legged Cornell graduate of 1966 wore—and still wears. The rude British father who shoots a lit—the English inventors of "the wage start at Calais" still applies in 1985 as one can discern from conduct in restaurants—wears Adidas, appearing from a distance as someone from Pennsylvania. On the beach, below the red cliffs of the Algarve (the White Cliffs of Dover, one was reminded again the other week, are not white at all but tuffaceous grey), are

Some things just take your breath away.

Great Canadian Vodka

